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DECEMBER 2, 1983

Critics' choices for Christmas

David Lodge
Rosemary Haughton
Bob Kuttner
Genevieve Stuttaford
Steven Tipton
Pheme Perkins
Carol Bly
Dennis O'Brien
Edith Turner
Eliot Janeway
Denise Levertov
Jay P. Dolan

Six decades of American religion

THEODORE CAPLOW, HOWARD M. BAHR, & BRUCE A. CHADWICK

An irreligious war

JAMES O'GARA

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Correspondence

The Catholic Worker

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors; Ed Marciniak's letter [Sept. 9] pointing out the influence the Catholic Worker had in the field of interracial justice ought to have added that Peter Maurin was listed as one of the founders of the Catholic Interracial Council in New York.

Another example of the influence of the Catholic Worker is found in the work of Msgr. Clement Kern in Detroit. From the date of Father Kern's death, August 15, to his burial August 20, front page headlines and daily TV coverage documented the outpouring of thousands of Detroiters who testified to his love of the poor, or anyone in need. Recently when I had asked him what influence the Catholic Worker had had on him, he said, "Everything . . . All."

Father Kern was one of a half-dozen "labor priests" in Detroit who encouraged Catholics to join unions. He was a strong supporter of our Catholic Interracial Council. He practiced ecumenism, the works of mercy including prison work, ethnicity, a special apostolate to the Spanish-speaking. Once Father Kern met you, you were his "personal friend."

I am sure Father Kern would have been a wonderful priest without the Catholic Worker, but the Worker gave him the channels into which he put his boundless energies.

The early days of the Catholic Worker provided a special excitement for all of us who were a part of it (as were Father Kern, Lou Murphy, Ed Marciniak, Jim O'Gara, etc., etc.). It is good to see its many fruits forty and more years later.

MARIE CONTI ORESTI
Vice-President,
Catholic Interracial Council

. . . & Friendship House

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Ann Harrigan Makletzoff's (July 15) and Mel Piehl's (September 23) letters on Catholic Worker influence and the founding of Friendship House need just a few more clarifications.

According to Catherine de Hueck Doherty's *Fragments of My Life* (Ave Maria Press, 1979) it was not long after she began feeding the poor in Toronto that Archbishop McNeil told her of Dorothy Day and paid her way to visit Dorothy in New York. There is ample documentation of Catherine's separate religious conversion and call to serve the poor, but there also have been many friendships among the people of CW and FH ever since 1934. Ann Makletzoff herself had been Dorothy's friend and CW volunteer since 1933 by the time she joined FH in 1938 in Harlem. The CW and FH connections have been well known, not so the differences.

These questions will be dealt with more definitively by Louise Sharum, OSB, who is revising her 1977 dissertation on Friendship House for publication. More documentation can be found in the FH archives at the Chicago Historical Society and at the Madonna House archives in Combermere, Ontario.

It would truly be a service to learning to compare the growing number of studies of Catholic movements of the 1930s and '40s to recent studies of ancient Christian communities, which have to work with much less evidence, and yet whose findings have a great impact on our Christian practice. The fact that the histories of the Catholic Worker and of Friendship House have proven increasingly complicated should make us all a bit more cautious. Scripture scholars do not have to risk the original objects of their studies writing them letters. We should be grateful to contemporary historians like Piehl and Sharum who take that risk.

ALBERT SCHORSCH
Friendship House

Woody gone arty

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors: Contrary to Colin L. Westerbeck's critique of Woody Allen ["The Invisible Man," Sept. 9], Mr. Allen's career failed to take a Keatonesque direction, not because he had greater talent than that comedic legend, but because his skills as a physical comedian and cinematic technician were clearly inferior to the master's.

Also, if Allen's later work bears any comparison to Chaplin, it is with the mawkish little man of *City Lights* and the pretentious artiste of *Limelight*. Just as Chaplin's early two-reelers were superior to his later work, which sacrificed humor for bathos and philosophy, Allen's films from *Annie Hall* on have been one long night of unfunny self-indulgence. In them, Allen became Prince Myshkin to a corrupt world. If the audience didn't appreciate his holier-than-thou approach, he made it clear it was their fault.

Suddenly, the man who had made us laugh out loud, thought that comedy was "the grade school of art" and remaking Bergman movies was a much more worthy calling. He seemed ashamed of his past work and became a misanthrope. In *Zelig* he is able to disguise his self-pitying artist bit, through the use of a clever conception, but there's a big problem: there's no protagonist. No wonder everyone talks about the look of this picture, it's all there is. Woody Allen no longer has an emotional center we can identify with. He's regressed from blind rage into catatonia. His comedy of "bemusement" is alien to the spirit of American life exemplified by such "gut busters" as: W.C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, Mack Sennett, Mae West, Joe E. Brown, Buster Keaton, Fatty Arbuckle, the Ritz Brothers, Laurel and Hardy and Preston Sturges.

DAN O'NEILL

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THOUGHTS AFTER 'THE DAY AFTER'

SHOULD WE GET emotional about the bomb? That was the question posed by ABC's "The Day After." In fact, the emotional power of "The Day After" was not in its graphic recreation of an atomic attack and its consequences. If anything, the film only showed how sated we are on the visual vocabulary of catastrophe. Roaring fireballs and eroding flesh are nothing shocking to the habitués of towering infernos, crashing spaceships, and the lonely graveyards of horror movies. Possibly the only unique and lasting image viewers might take away from "The Day After" was that of Americans observing *our* missiles rocketing into the sky and being sickened with the realization that this act was inextricably linked to a similar scene on the other side of the globe. It was a fitting representation of the cords of destruction and irreversibility binding the superpowers together. Other than that, "The Day After" was seldom inspired, although one must allow that even a competent effort like this one cuts hard against the ingrained American idea that nuclear war, for all its terrors, will be followed by intact American families popping out of rural hideaways, where they have fortunately found shelter, to begin life anew in a raw but fresh wilderness. The director of the film was right when he admitted he had never aspired to art: "I look on the movie as a giant public-service announcement."

But was it a public service? Not a few voices have said no. It was, they maintain, essentially an exercise in mindless emotion, stirring up fear when what is desparately needed is calm and constructive analysis. It is a little difficult to take some of these critics seriously; they were ready enough to exploit emotion when medical students were televised kissing the tarmac; they were not heard demanding calm analysis when the president was denouncing the shooting down of flight 007. But not all the critics have a record of such selective dispassion. And the question, whatever its provenance, is not a trivial one. Nothing tries our capacity to keep thought and feeling in some kind of supporting relationship like contemplation of nuclear war — which seems so much beyond either thought or feeling. Yet on no other issue is an approach at once wholehearted and wholeminded so essential.

To hear some critics of "The Day After" tell it, feeling is no problem at all, except for the danger of an excess. We all know full well the horrors of nuclear war; the problem is pursuing means to prevent it, which cannot be done while we're scared out of our wits. Sometimes the "we" in this proposition is everyone; sometimes it is only the nuclear experts and policy makers. Well, we — the editors of this journal — don't quite believe the proposition in either case. Yes, many of our leaders have thought long and hard about nuclear conflict, but there is plenty of evidence that others have not, and that even those who have may frequently numb themselves to the human reality involved. "So much has been said and written about the terrible consequences of nuclear war that any brief characterization of the

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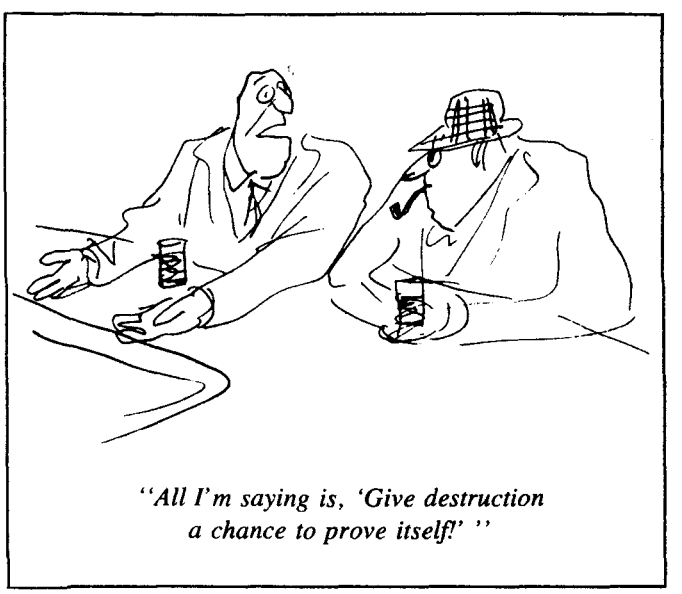
problem seems strangely banal," wrote two authors in the Winter 1981-82 *Foreign Affairs*. "Yet it is not clear how deeply the horror of such an event has penetrated the public consciousness *or even the thinking of knowledgeable policy makers who in theory have access to the relevant information*." The emphasis has been added, but the real emphasis of this statement derives from the fact that its authors were quite familiar with the highest circles of nuclear planning. Not long ago it was standard for "war-fighting" nuclear strategists to make their scenarios "realistic" by referring to the twenty million casualties the USSR had sustained in World War II; presumably the Soviets would risk as much in a nuclear exchange today, and the U.S. had to be ready to match them. If this kind of talk isn't heard as much today (perhaps thanks to some of the emotion that's been getting around), it nonetheless played a role in the formative period of Reagan administration defense policy. No, the public cannot assume that its leaders have fully absorbed the reality of the terrible powers they could unleash.

As for the public itself, the emotional impact of a film like "The Day After" is clearly only one among many emotional factors filling up the horizon of everyday life — the fear of drugs in the schools or of inflation at the supermarket are much more immediate. Nor is the public's ideological landscape exactly a cool garden of careful analysis; East-West relations and the role of military power are matters of strong feeling to most citizens. The danger of nuclear war is not apt to get equal time in their consideration if it alone, once escaping from the cabinet of psychological denial, must be immediately anesthetized and rendered inert for political analysis.

The validity of exposing ourselves emotionally to the meaning of a nuclear war, indeed the necessity of doing so, does not remove the burden of thought, however; nor does it justify everything that is currently being said and done in the cause of opposing nuclear destruction. There *is* a mindless fear. There *is* an understandable impulse to channel distress and frustration into whatever solution seems simplest or closest to hand. There *is* a temptation to make revulsion and denunciation do the work of analysis and solution seeking. No one would want a surgeon who approaches his responsibilities as though his patients were not humans but only organic machines; but no one wants a surgeon who has not calmed and disciplined and channeled the normal human response to open body cavities and throbbing hearts and spurting blood. In a democracy, all the citizens must learn something of the surgeon's control in regard to nuclear war, or at least value that control in others.

Not long ago, in a front-page editorial mentioning the potential impact of the "The Day After," the *National Catholic Reporter* described nuclear armament as "the supreme act of human arrogance. . . threatening God. . . the last blasphemous act." It called for new reliance on God, throwing "our crises back at our Creator," and building "a radical Christian order." "Nations must rid themselves of these weapons." The editorial is moving in its evocations of the cross and the cross's radical message. It also had the merit of recalling to us something that the TV film did not—that this issue turns on what we do to others and to creation, and not just on our own survival. But finally the editorial does not have the courage of its rhetorical convictions. Its whole drift is not toward rejection, say, of the Euromissiles alone but of the deterrent altogether. Yet it does not mention unilateral disarmament; it does not address the question of whether widespread unilateralism might make "The Day After" an even greater likelihood; nor, if rejecting the deterrent altogether is not the editorial's intention, does it indicate what kind of a deterrent might be retained or how it might be reconciled with such sweeping condemnations. The editorial says this "is time for basic questions and responses," but it evades both. It is deeply felt, certainly, but also deeply ambiguous—and deeply dangerous. It is like the West German peace movement's significant shift from opposing Euromissiles to opposing NATO. What began as a visceral repulsion from what looked like *both* emotionalism and cold-bloodedness in the White House is growing into a worrisome force for instability in its own right.

ABC certainly put itself in the position of being damned if it did, damned if it didn't. Had the movie entered into the politics of nuclear armaments or the responsibilities of decision making in a nuclear crisis, it would have been accused of propagandizing, with all the power of network TV, for the viewpoints that could hardly have been avoided in such a production. Having chosen to limit itself and scrupulously eschew the political dimension, it stands accused of indulging in an "orgy" of presenting casualties without causes. Others complain that the network bowed to political pressures by capping the movie with a reassuring message from Secretary of State Shultz and a neatly balanced panel discussion. No doubt ABC operated from a bag of mixed motives, zigged and zagged between many pressures. So much the better for mixed motives and many pressures. The result, it seems to us, was not a minor thing for a democracy: a kind of national event in which the drama needed to draw 106 million viewers was followed by both televised and local exchanges of opinion. There was a lot lacking in the ABC discussion that followed the film. Ted



"All I'm saying is, 'Give destruction a chance to prove itself!' "

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Koppel, despite his obvious intelligence and reliable performance as one of the few television figures who can actually follow a line of argument, was obliged to parcel out the discussion in little bits for reasons of a somewhat mechanical fairness, even, at one point, turning to Elie Wiesel for a "humanistic touch." If the movie was the stick that was meant to wake the public up, the panel may have been the soporific to put the public back to sleep. Nevertheless, the entire package at least represented to the nation the process that is called for. We must realize fully the fix the world is in; we must confront unblinkingly the complexity of getting out.

There is no evidence that the viewers of "The Day After" have been swept away into irrational excesses. What is eventually made of an event like this will depend largely on the case that proponents of one or another approach to arms negotiations, international affairs, and deterrence can bring to an awakened and receptive public. But it is no good sounding the note that we detected in not a few of the criticisms of ABC — that, in the end, this is simply not an issue you can trust people to understand. That is the same arrogance of the insiders — whether governmental or journalistic — which greeted the Catholic bishops' pastoral. "The Day After" was not art, surely; but it was, just as surely, a real public service.

Washington report

CONSTANT WOMEN
STEADFAST IN OPPOSING REAGAN

> All men are made of the same stuff;
> the swaying boughs, the fickle breezes
> have greater stability than men have . . .
> O women, let us pay with the same token
> this maleficent, indiscreet species.

MOZART'S Despina is currently singing to Democrats and Republicans alike in the Washington Opera Society's production of *Cosi Fan Tutte* but the latter no doubt wish that women would take Despina's words to heart—at least where approval of Ronald Reagan is concerned.

While women's attitudes toward Reagan have remained relatively (and negatively) constant, "men," as columnist Ellen Goodman has noted, "have been far more fickle." A June 1983 *New York Times*/CBS poll revealed that over a two month span, men had increased their approval of the president by nine percent while women's disapproval remained virtually the same—resulting in an 18 point difference between the sexes. In that poll, 57 percent of men—and only 39 percent of women—approved of Reagan's job performance.

Throughout his first thirty-four months, women have been steadfast in their disapproval of Ronald Reagan. They have consistently rated his overall handling of the presidency eight to ten percentage points more critically than men, according to the Gallup Poll, which has compiled ratings by sex for all presidents since Eisenhower. What is remarkable for pollsters and politicians alike is that this is the first time that significant differences in presidential approval have appeared between men and women—with the differences three times as large as any previous gap for our last six presidents. (The next largest was with Richard Nixon.)

At the beginning of this year, Dr. George Gallup found that the "gender gap" is found "in every major population subgroup." It exists both among groups that have included the president's strongest supporters (e.g., a 12 point difference between Republican men, with 74 percent approval and Republican women, with only 62 percent approval) and also among those groups least supportive (e.g., 16 percent of black men but only 6 percent of black women approve of Ronald Reagan's job performance). Of course, what strikes a shrill note for many a Republican aficionado is that these attitudes have been and can again be, translated into votes.

The "gender gap" was first reported in the 1980 election-day exit polls conducted by *New York Times*/CBS and NBC/Associated Press—men voted a 20 point margin in favor of Reagan while women evenly split between Reagan and Carter. With women voting 8.5 to 9 percentage points more Democratic, a difference between the sexes appeared that was larger than in any other presidential election since 1952 (the earliest date for which data is available). The gender gap has persisted in the polling booths as well as in the polls.

In the 1982 midterm elections all the network exit polls reported that women were more likely than men to vote for a Democratic congressional candidate, the difference ranging from 4 to 5.5 percentage points. The *Washington Post*/ABC exit poll revealed that women favored Democratic gubernatorial candidates by six more points than did men. But the pattern differed by state. In three contests for governor (Iowa, Michigan, and New York) and two for senator (California and Virginia), a majority of women voted for the Democrat and a majority of men voted for the Republican. In other races such as the New Jersey Senate contest (Frank Lautenberg versus Millicent Fenwick), support was evenly split.

This difference between sexes is the largest in mid-term elections since the sixties and fifties when women were more likely to favor Republican congressional candidates—a gap which could largely be explained by differences in turnout: the women who went to the polls were older, better educated, and had higher incomes than the men who voted, and hence were more likely to vote Republican. If turnout was taken into account, the differences disappeared.

The recent shift in women's preference for the Democratic party is reflected in differences both in how men and women evaluate the two parties' capacity to handle major problems and in their identification with party. The latter factor is particularly important, given that party identification is a significant long-term predictor of voting behavior.

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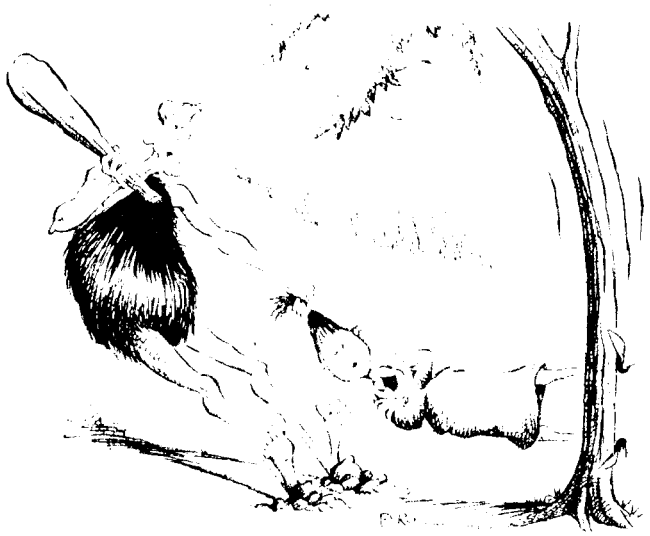

Women traditionally have been somewhat more inclined to identify with a political party. In the past thirty years there has been a gradual change—in 1952, 51 percent of those identifying themselves as Democrats were women, as opposed to 54 percent of the Republicans; by 1982, almost 59 percent of identified Democrats and just under 50 percent of Republicans were women. According to the American Election Study, the 1982 difference between the sexes in party identification was the largest in thirty years. Not only are women becoming more Democratic, but men are also becoming more Republican—so why is the focus on the women's vote?

Women's voting turnout had lagged behind the men—but no longer. Among persons under age 55, the turnout rates of women exceed that of men. Given their majority of the voting age population and increasing turnout, almost 53 percent of the 1982 voters were women. This translates into just under six million additional votes nationally. Considering that by 1984, according to Jerry Jennings of the Census Bureau, the young women who are voting more than young men will replace older women with lower voting rates, the women's votes could be decisive for the 1984 presidential election.

Already there is a marked difference between men and women in the early polls of voting preferences for 1984. According to a September *Washington Post*/ABC poll, while Senator Glenn and President Reagan equally divide the male vote in a trial run, women favor Glenn by a 20 point margin. Senator Mondale slips six percent behind Reagan among men, but pulls ahead by eleven points with women.

Ronald Reagan's ratings have improved in the most recent trial heats. A *Post*/ABC survey of November 3-7 showed him edging ahead of both leading Democratic contenders for the first time since April. Apparently, his handling of the invasion of Grenada and the patriotic upsurge after the Lebanon bombing have politically benefited him—for the moment. How long-lasting this reprieve will be may well depend on the durability of the "gender gap," which itself will depend on what issues gain prominence in voting decisions as the campaign unfolds.

While explanations of why the "gender gap" has recently arisen are still incomplete, part of the answer is that there is a pronounced pattern of differing attitudes between men and women towards the use of force. A *New York Times*/CBS Poll taken during the week of the Grenada invasion found a difference of 17.5 percent between the sexes in approval of the action, one of the largest "gaps" observed during the Reagan presidency. If war and peace issues continue to dominate the agenda, the gap may widen, aided, as the evidence appears, by the prominence given to economic issues which have particular impact on single and divorced women (who have been 10 to 15 percentage points more critical than married women of Reagan's foreign and economic policies).

Democratic party leaders met for three days, November 11-13 at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, to discuss the 1984 campaign, buoyed by the previous week's election and sanguine about rebuilding the old coalition with an emphasis on turning out the votes of women and blacks. At the conclusion of the meeting, Democratic National Committee political director Ann Lewis said, "The gender gap is the Grand Canyon of American politics; it is wide, it is deep, and it is beautiful." That may very well be the case. But whatever candidate ends up riding that Democratic mule on the campaign trail must be very careful not to slip down that canyon; it could be a long fall.

JEREMIAH BARUCH

(Jeremiah Baruch is the pseudonym of a Washington writer with a position in government.)

Foreign Policy

VIETNAM NEVER ENDED

THE DEFECTIVE HEART OF U.S. POLICY

THE CENTRAL problem of American foreign policy today is that America has never come to terms with the significance of the Vietnam war. No genuine national dialogue has taken place to clarify what happened in Vietnam. There is no common understanding of what Vietnam meant; there is not even a common myth on which we can agree. Instead, there are many mutually contradictory myths, held by different groups, embodied in the functioning of our major institutions. The contradictions between these mutually exclusive myths produce paralysis.

Many nations have suffered defeats more grievous. In 1870, an inept French government blundered into a war for which it was unprepared, was defeated militarily, and immediately collapsed. Efforts to continue the war by a provisional government came to naught, a civil war ensued, two of France's departments were lost to the Germans, a heavy indemnity imposed. Yet in the following decades Frenchmen assessed what had gone wrong, and from their reflections emerged a

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society both stronger and more democratic which survived the German onslaught of 1914.

Why has the United States not been able to come to terms with the Vietnam experience?

One reason is that the short-range solution which spontaneously evolved to deal with the Vietnam trauma was silence. Vietnam had produced deep and conflicting passions, passions which had threatened to rend asunder the nation. These passions were to be left in peace. Vietnam was like a bad dream; one day we would wake and it would be forgotten. But the nightmare still clutches us in its embrace.

Secondly, the circumstances under which the war ended were equivocal.

The anti-war movement, which had attained massive proportions and come to represent the sentiment of the majority, never succeeded in forcing the government to accept its position. The U.S. never withdrew on the grounds that it should not have been in Vietnam; it withdrew because of "Vietnamization." The denouement of Vietnamization could hardly leave a good taste even in the mouth of the war's opponents. Moreover, the anti-war movement, heterogeneous though it was, had a general desire not only to end the war but also to reform the political and social structures believed to have brought it about. The McGovern candidacy was expected to at least initiate a thoughtful debate on the condition of America; the election instead turned into a rout; rather than the culminationof the movement, it proved its demise.

Likewise, those who favored continued support for South Vietnam were not convinced that our involvement was wrong, nor did the fall of Saigon, under the circumstances, convince them otherwise. Many still thought the war should have been fought, others that if it was fought, it could and should have been won. The bloodbath in Cambodia, the harsh nature of rule in "liberated" South Vietnam seemed proof to them that we had sacrificed a good cause to a bad, or at the very least, abandoned our friends to ruthless enemies.

The reflexes born of Vietnam have come to permeate the working of our political institutions. Vietnam began, and Watergate completed, a process by which Congress, the press, and much of the American public came to doubt the sincerity of our presidents and worry about the concentration of power in the hands of the executive. Similarly, they began to question whether the real threat to world peace came from the United States or from the Soviet Union, whether America's greatest contribution to world peace might not be simply to avoid involvement on foreign shores. In the aftermath of Vietnam, the making of foreign policy, necessarily the task of the executive but also a concern of Congress, had been undercut by generalized skepticism and distrust.

The problem will not be remedied by tinkering with the mechanism; no rules will stop leaks if even those who serve in government have lost faith in the institution.

We are now facing the problem of Central America. The way we deal with it will greatly influence the future of the hemisphere. Yet for many, lucid understanding of Central America is rendered impossible by the phantasmagoria of Vietnam. Proponents and opponents of our policy alike argue their case on the basis of Vietnam analogies, convincing no one because there is not one Vietnam analogy, but many. We shall not be able to deal rightly with Central America until we are able to deal with Vietnam. STEVEN PHILIP KRAMER

(Steven Philip Kramer teaches history at the University of New Mexico. He is currently in Washington as an International Affairs Fellow of the Council on Foreign Relations.)

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

MOM & POP FORGIVE THEM

A FEW KIND WORDS FOR PATRIARCHY

THERE ARE a number of things to be said about the new readings offered for liturgical use by the National Council of Churches, all but one of them negative. That single thing is that the intention was a decent one. According to the *New York Times*, members of the committee which produced the readings felt that "the use of sexually inclusive language in public worship will undergird other efforts for equality between men and women." This fine aim is not advanced by a tin-eared, anti-historical approach to Scripture. Here are some of the versions (it would not be at all accurate to call them translations; they are revisions) offered by the committee:

> *And because you are children, God has sent the Spirit of the Child into our hearts, crying, "God! my Mother and Father!"*. . . (Gal. 4:6)
>
> *For God so loved the world that God gave God's only Child, that whoever believes in that Child should not perish, but have eternal life.* (John 3:16)

In an article in *The Lutheran*, Bishop James R. Crumley, Jr., of the Lutheran Church in America, said of the above version of John's language, "Attempting to avoid pronouns simply illustrates the need for them in the first place." Bishop Crumley also worried that speaking of God as Mother and Father would not show God's asexuality so much as it might imply God's bisexuality. The Lutheran Church in America will not recommend the use of the new lectionary to its churches. Archbishop Iakovos of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America said that these versions do not "reflect the traditions and reverence of the Holy Scriptures."

I have learned (when arguing against usages like "If anyone wants to reserve a seat, they should see the ticket manager") that the issue of gender in lan-

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guage arouses passionate responses. Let me argue against what has been done in this lectionary by moving to another field, one which matters very much to me. I believe that nonviolence is essential to being Christian. Not everyone agrees with that, just as many would not call the feminist cause essential to Christianity. But if any particular moral focus—justice towards women, nonviolence, the needs of the poor—is allowed to force the revision of Scripture or the partial censoring of literature we will lose the kind of memory that matters to poetry and to a deeper understanding of the symbols which move at levels deeper than rationality and ideology.

Gandhi (hardly a violent sort) was inspired by the *Bhagavad-Gita*. Battle is the metaphor which moves that poem, both literal battle—the protagonist wonders whether it is right for him to engage in it—and spiritual struggle. The poem begins,

> *On the field of Truth, on the battle-field of life, what came to pass, Sanjaya, when my sons and their warriors faced those of my brother Pandu? (The Bhagavad Gita,* Tr. Juan Mascaró, Penguin 1962)

Despite my firm belief in nonviolence I am not sure that this could be better rendered.

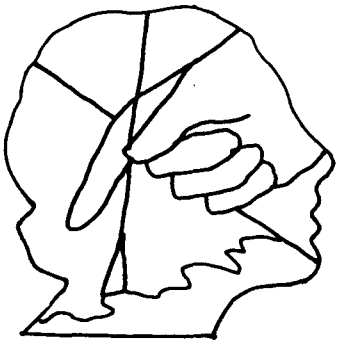
> *In the office of Truth, at the committee meeting of life, what came to pass* (etc.)

I don't mean this to be as flippant as the above might make it seem, but some attempts to deal with real problems are so insensitive to other questions, and to the limitations of our own age's understanding, that if taken seriously they will lead us into a set of problems at least as thorny as the ones we are trying to solve. To take one example, gutting the Old Testament of its most violent scenes, or bowdlerizing them to make them less violent, has resonances which move more deeply than the question we hope to address when we move in with the editor's pencil. Moses lifts his arms at God's command for victory, and when he lowers them in weariness his army begins to lose; when they are raised again, propped up by his companions, the army begins to win. At its most superficial level this is an important metaphor about prayer, and it goes even deeper than that.

I kneel in churches, when kneeling is called for, and in social circumstances find myself shaking hands. Both of these rather common symbols have their roots in war. Kneeling puts you in a physically vulnerable position before a superior who can kill you, now that you aren't on your feet and able to maneuver. A handshake means putting your sword hand into the hand of another, whose sword hand is held by yours: you keep one another from striking. This is at once a sign of peace, in its most negative and limited form, and of peace's vulnerability. It is not at all a sign of peace's fullness, but is rooted in the fragility of worldly peace. It comes to us from the ancient history of the West, and in all its limitation is full of peaceful meaning.

The language of Scripture is in some ways comparable. No one I know imagines that God is physically male. But is that all that the language of Scripture means in referring to God as Father? Is another primitive and complicated level of metaphor at work in symbols which involve sex? We speak of "mother earth," and mean a recurrent fertility which happens naturally and rhythmically.

The mother was a symbol of fertility, oasis-like, and the womb and the navel were signs of our return to that source. Fatherhood did not have that necessity or earthiness about it. Without entering into the complicated question of which symbol is the better one for expressing our relationship to the divine (my feeling is that we need both, as Julian of Norwich knew when she referred to divine motherhood), it could be that God seen as Father is necessary in moving symbolically towards the idea of creation from nothing, a creation which *did not need to be*. Symbols are not simply reduced, and they are dealt with simply only by high-school English teachers and those ideologically inclined folk—I really don't care what their causes are, how good or how bad or how silly—who think that we can make the world over with mind and force, as if we were ruled primarily by reason and that tiny part of the imagination we are aware of. There are vaginal and phallic symbols all over the mythical landscape, especially the Hindu part. The magician's wand is phallic, and so is the Easter candle plunged into the waters of the baptismal font, which is plainly womblike. To reduce sexual symbols to tokens which we trade in crude exchanges about power and economic equality is to miss much that symbols have to tell us. I wouldn't for a moment claim that those symbols have nothing at all to do with power and equality, or that their evolution wasn't influenced by some very ugly factors.



But the *more* which is involved where there is more to it than that is very important—even of the essence. The weirdness involved in being human is that we are at once ape and angel. We are gifted and cursed with teeth and claws and instincts which pull at us from where we have been and push us towards what we will be. It would not be a human improvement to file down our canine teeth because of what they imply about what we have come from. To deny or forget that origin is dangerous. It is also not only dangerous but foolish to see it as simply bad, bad as it may often have been. A religion which has become an anti-idolatrous form of monotheism (what a dreadful way to talk about the living God, but here we are, impaled on a language) does in fact have patriarchal origins. Like the handshake, or the grin which reveals the canine tooth, the language of Scripture tells us what we have come from and points the way to what we will be. It is part of incarnation, of being flesh and having a long history. It should not be rewritten to prop up a less carnal, and therefore less historical and finally less real, picture of ourselves.

JOHN GARVEY

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EXCERPTS FROM 'ALL FAITHFUL PEOPLE'

Six decades of religion in Middletown

THEODORE CAPLOW, HOWARD M. BAHR, & BRUCE A. CHADWICK

In 1924 Robert and Helen Lynd began a study of a midwestern city which, following the polite custom of urban sociology, they called Middletown. The results of that study, published by the Lynds in 1929 as *Middletown*, became the first sociological work to be a best seller in the United States; the book remains in print to this day. Ten years later, the Lynds restudied Middletown to see what changes had been wrought by the intervening decade of prosperity and depression. These results were issued in 1937 as *Middletown in Transition*.

Towards the end of the 1970s, we returned to Middletown to replicate as carefully as possible the Lynds' investigations and to see how the city's social institutions had changed since the 1920s. From 1976 to 1978, we maintained a field office in Middletown and lived there (in rotation) with our families. In addition to our own project, which we call Middletown III, in 1982 the Public Broadcasting System aired a remarkable series of documentaries by Peter Davis under the collective title of *Middletown*. As a commentary on that series, Ben Wattenberg directed another television documentary, called *Middletown Revisited*, summarizing results of our Middletown III study and detailing even later changes. All in all, Middletown might claim to be the city about which more is known than about any other city in the world.

It is by now no secret that Middletown, in reality, is Muncie, Indiana; but the Lynds' choice of a name—originally borrowed from a nearby village—was symbolically fitting. Middletown is geographically and culturally close to the center of America. Indeed, the most striking feature of Middletown is that it contains little that is extraordinary. When the Lynds went there, it was primarily industrial; engine parts, glass bottles, and woven wire were its best-known products; it was also a trade center for the surrounding agricultural counties. Its population was mostly white, mostly native-born, mostly Protestant. It had no "outstanding peculiarities or acute local problems" and was just far enough from Indianapolis, Indiana, and Dayton, Ohio, to be able to resist much of their influence.

The children the Lynds observed almost sixty years ago are now elderly people or they are dead. Middletown's population has doubled, from about 40,000 to about 80,000. Most of the factories that were operating during the 1920s are still open but some have been closed, and those that remain are approaching obsolescence. The little teachers' college has mushroomed into a state university that is now the community's largest employer. The population is not quite as homogeneous as it used to be: there are proportionately more blacks (12 percent) and more Catholics (22 percent) now than there were during the 1920s. Despite these changes, Middletown seems to us to have preserved the identity and atmosphere the Lynds described.

The Lynds went to Middletown in 1924-1925 to study the crisis of the Protestant churches in a typical American community. The expansion of that original study into a comprehensive community survey occurred while they were doing their fieldwork. Indeed, the sponsors of the project at the Institute for Social and Religious Research, a branch of the Interchurch World Movement, which was originally the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, were astonished to discover the new direction it had taken. We do not know how and why this

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This article has been excerpted from several sections of All Faithful People: Change and Continuity in Middletown's Religion *(University of Minnesota Press, $19.50, 378 pp.). Photos by Ted Thai. Reprinted by permission of the Authors and the University of Minnesota Press.*

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transformation took place, but the vast amount of information the Lynds collected about religion suggests that the topic retained its primacy for them in 1924 and 1925. By contrast, they gave only cursory attention to religion in their 1935 study.

A graduate of Union Theological Seminary, Robert Lynd had once intended to be a Presbyterian minister; but, according to one of his principal informants who was still living in Middletown when we arrived there, he had already turned away from organized religion when he began to observe Middletown's churches in 1924. The two Middletown books were read, correctly or incorrectly, as exposés of grass-roots Protestantism. The churches, according to the Lynds, served to reinforce class boundaries in the community and to rationalize the social system. They did not curb the excesses of the developing industrial society. Finally, the Lynds concluded that industrialization was leading to increased secularization, that each succeeding generation was less religious than the previous one, and that the business class was more secularized than the working class. The religious zeal of the working class was taken by the Lynds as confirmation of their implicit thesis that religion was an obsolescent survival of pre-modern culture.*

Such a thesis had deep roots in the modern sociology of religion. According to at least one strand of that field of scholarship, secularization is supposed to be an irreversible process accompanying modernization; religion is a vestigial institution destined to decline and perhaps even disappear. The Lynds, who were never deficient in common sense, were quick to point out that "the direction of change is highly erratic." But for all that, they never questioned the inevitability of secularization, and though they considered at length the possible ways in which religion might adapt to the changing times, they never envisioned the possibility that traditional religion would persist in the face of technological progress.

OF THAT persistence in Middletown there can be no serious doubt. If secularization is a shrinkage of the religious sector in relation to other sectors of society, as most definitions imply, then it ought to produce some or all of the following indications: (1) a decline in the number of churches per capita of the population; (2) a decline in the proportion of the population attending church services; (3) a decline in the proportion of rites of passage held under religious auspices (for example, declining ratios of religious to civil marriages and of religious to secular funerals); (4) a decline in religious endogamy; (5) a decline in the proportion of the labor force engaged in religious activity; (6) a decline in the proportion of income devoted to the support of religion; (7) a decline in the ratio of religious to non-religious literature; (8) a decline in the attention given to religion in the mass media; (9) a drift toward less emotional forms of participation in religious services; (10) a dwindling of new sects and of new movements in existing churches; and (11) an increase in attention paid to secular topics in sermons and liturgy.

We have fairly reliable information from Middletown about most of these eleven indicators going back more than fifty years. The reality is that (1) there are more churches in Middletown today in relation to the population than there were in 1924, and (2) more people attend them regularly. (3) The proportion of Middletown's marriages performed by ministers or priests increased from 63 percent in 1924 to 79 percent in 1979. The proportion of burials at which ministers or priests officiated is not known for 1924; it was 99 percent in 1979. (4) In 1977, however, twice as many couples (24 percent) reported interdenominational marriages as compared with their parents—a significant increase. (5) The proportion of Middletown's labor force engaged in religious activity increased between 1920 and 1980. (6) More people contribute to churches now than in 1924, and they give larger proportions of their incomes. (7) No figures are available for the ratio of religious to non-religious literature in Middletown, but (8) the proportion of space given to religious announcements and activities in local newspapers has remained relatively constant since 1924; the proportion of broadcasting time occupied by religious services has increased. (9) Although the long-term trend is difficult to decipher, within the past two decades there has been a drift toward more emotional forms of participation in religious services. (10) New sects and new movements have continued to emerge—Pentecostal-Evangelical churches, charismatics in the existing churches, national sects like the Moonies, Hare Krishna, and Black Muslims, as well as numerous movements involving social activism, liturgical reform, ordination of women, congregational democracy, and innovations in "outreach" and "stewardship." (11) Of the 102 sermons we sampled at random in 1978, only two dealt with secular issues.

LET US consider some of these trends more closely. The 1920s witnessed a growing competition between religion and recreation for dominance on Sunday. The Lynds saw the church slowly but surely relinquishing the Sabbath to recreational pursuits. Their interviews with the wives of a sample of Middletown families showed a sharp decline in church attendance from 1890. And yet the abandonment of Sunday to secular recreation that the Lynds anticipated has not yet occurred. Today, church services are more numerous than they were two generations ago and better attended.

When we first discovered the pattern of a sharp decline in church attendance from 1890 to 1924 followed by a sharp increase from 1924 to 1978, we were skeptical and looked for some statistical accident that might explain the reversal. We shared with the Lynds, and with our 1978 respondents, the impression that religious faith and practice had declined over the past two generations.

There is one serious flaw in our data on Middletown's

* By contrast, most of the investigators involved in the Middletown III project are active in the church. There is a sense, therefore, in which our replication is not faithful to the original study. We are inclined to characterize religion in Middletown by those elements of it that appear valid to us; the Lynds were inclined to emphasize those elements that appeared questionable to them.

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church attendance, but it affects the figures for 1890, not the more recent ones. The Lynds had asked the housewives they interviewed in 1924 to estimate the church attendance of their parents around 1890. These estimates were given unhesitatingly and in full detail, but they cannot be taken as equivalent to an actual survey of church attendance. We have no such reliable contemporary survey of church attendance in 1890 for Middletown, or for anywhere else in the United States as far as we have been able to determine. Thus we must view with caution the Lynds' conclusion—and our own—that church attendance in Middletown declined significantly from 1890 to 1924. Much more confidence can be placed on the finding that church attendance increased spectacularly from 1924 to 1978: the proportion of married women in Middletown samples that attended regularly rose from 23 percent to 48 percent and the proportion who never attended fell from 53 percent to 17 percent. The sharp differences between the church attendance of men and the attendance of women (the Lynds estimated church attendance to be about two-thirds female) has declined to the point that when we allow for the greater numbers of women among the middle-aged and older population, the slight preponderance of women at church services is largely accounted for; and the age differential, although still evident, has been so much reduced that 76 percent of the young adults in our sample attend church at least occasionally and about a third attend at least once a week. The predominately elderly and female congregations observed by the Lynds have given way to a broad cross-section of the population.

Changes in the religious participation of business-class and working-class families have been more complex. The working-class people of 1924 expressed abundant faith but reported little church attendance, apparently because they lacked the means to make a respectable display. Two-thirds of them never went to church at all, although most of the non-attenders sent their children to Sunday school more or less regularly. Today, as in many other respects, working-class families in Middletown do not differ very much from business-class families in religious participation. When we examine the data more carefully, however, we discover that there has been a dramatic decline in agnosticism among white-collar people and a dramatic increase in church participation among blue-collar people.

Church attendance in Middletown is positively and significantly correlated with education, occupational level, and income, so that the majority of persons with less than a high school education do not attend church regularly while the majority of college graduates do. The majority of persons in professional and managerial occupations attend church regularly while the majority of those in semi-skilled and service occupations do not. The majority of our respondents who had high family incomes (over $30,000) attended church regularly; the majority of those with low family incomes (under $20,000) did not; and those with intermediate incomes were fairly evenly divided.*

Content analysis of the reasons given for church attendance reveals some shift in the motivational patterns between 1924 and 1978. In 1924 habit was the most common motive for church attendance. In 1978, there were significantly fewer people who said they went to church primarily out of habit. When they do attend church, Middletown people seem now to attend for more positive reasons. Spiritual renewal, instruction, inner peace, and Christian fellowship were repeatedly mentioned as benefits. Compared to the 1924 respondents, the 1978 respondents mentioned benefits to their children somewhat more often and social and business motives somewhat less often.

The Lynds did not present quantitative data about the relationship between age and church attendance, but they thought that young people were drifting away from church. The Middletown Youth Study Group conducted a survey of Middletown ministers in 1937 as part of a study of the needs of American youth sponsored by the American Youth Commission. Thirty-six percent of the ministers agreed with the Lynds that the attendance of adolescents at their churches had decreased. About the same proportion thought they saw a trend of increasing church participation. Conducted two years after the fieldwork for *Middletown in Transition*, the 1937 survey does not support the Lynds' impression that youth were abandoning Middletown's churches. We do not know, alas, what trends prevailed during the ensuing 40 years, but in the late 1970s the religious interest and participation of young adults were fairly high. Adolescents in Middletown today attend church about as often as their parents. Thirty-two percent of the high school students surveyed in 1977 attended church regularly (which was close to the rate for their parents), 13 percent intermittently, and 37 percent occasionally, and only 17 percent said they never attended. Over two-thirds of the students at Middletown's university listed a denominational preference when they registered in the fall of 1978. We do not

* These Middletown results have not been confirmed by the eight national surveys conducted by the National Opinion Research Center from 1972 through 1980. The national surveys found no significant differences in education, occupation, and income between those attend church regularly and those who do not.

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This article, "Six decades of religion in Middletown," traces developments in America's religious outlook since 1924, the year of *Commonweal*'s founding. As such, it is one of a number of similar articles the magazine will be printing to mark its sixtieth year of publication.

have information about how frequently college students attend religious services, but heavy enrollments in religion classes indicate serious interest. The dean of the religion department at a private college close to Middletown remarked in 1978 that "ten years ago our religion classes were small. Today, they are second in enrollment to biology."

The pattern seems to be for young people to join and to attend church about as often as their parents, which is quite often indeed. When they marry and establish their own families, their church attendance declines for a while and then slowly but consistently increases again as they grow older.

It has been argued that quantitative measures of organized religious adherence, like church membership or attendance, give no real indication of the inroads of subjective secularization. While belonging to a church or regularly attending services implied a deep religious commitment in the early nineteenth century, it no longer does so. But there is no evidence for this proposition. The majority of contemporary church members — not just in Middletown — say that they pray privately, think about heaven, experience God as a personal presence, believe in the fundamental tenets of Christianity, and judge their own conduct by religious standards. In contemporary Middletown, the conventional forms of Christian piety — prayer, fasting, meditation, alms-giving — all flourish.

The Lynds attached particular importance to answers given by the married women they interviewed to the following three questions.

A. *What are the thoughts and plans that give you courage to go on when thoroughly discouraged?*

B. *How often have you thought of Heaven during the past month in this connection?*

C. *What difference would it make in your daily life if you became convinced that there was no loving God caring for you?*

We repeated these questions in our 1978 survey of 333 married women living with their husbands and children. Of the 73 working-class women who answered question A in 1924, 27 percent said that it was their religion that gave them courage and 23 percent referred to their families; the remaining responses were widely scattered. Of the 98 working-class women who responded to the same question in 1978, 27 percent referred to their religion, 24 percent to their families, and 6 percent mentioned both; the remaining responses were scattered among the same themes recorded by the Lynds. The stability of the percentages is matched by a persistence of tone:

- *I used to cry when I was discouraged, but that didn't help any. Now I just get down on my knees and pray and that gives me strength.*
- *I rely on the Bible scriptures; there are a lot of promises.*
- *When I'm discouraged, I just read the Bible and think of the coming of the Kingdom.*
- *I think about the beautiful things around me and how there must be a God. My religious beliefs are confused, but when things get really bad, I pray.*

We doubt whether readers could identify which of those statements dates from 1924 and which from 1978*

Of the working-class women who answered question B on Heaven in 1924, 46 percent said "often or every day" and 31 percent said they "never or almost never" gave heaven a thought. In 1978, 35 percent said "often or daily" but only 17 percent said "never or almost never." (There is surprisingly little discussion of heaven and hell in Middletown's churches, and arguments about immortality are often heard around the dinner table. Immortality is perceived not as a public issue but as a facet of personal experience.)

IN ANSWER to question C, "What difference would it make in your daily life if you became convinced that there is no loving God caring for you?" 13 percent of the Lynds' working-class respondents rejected the proposition as unthinkable and 58 percent "were so emphatic as to say that life would be intolerable or utterly changed." When we put the same question to working-class women in 1978, 17 percent of them rejected it as unthinkable and 51 percent said that life would be intolerable or utterly changed. Eleven percent of the working-class housewives responding in 1924 said that it would make no particular difference to them; 9 percent said so in 1978.

A comparison of business-class women's responses in 1924 and 1978 is less satisfactory. The Lynds' sample of business-class women was very small and showed more resistance to these particular questions—precluding taking these results too seriously. But where a majority of the 19 business-class women responding in 1924 said that they would be affected little or not at all if they lost their belief in a loving God, in 1978 10 percent found the proposition unthinkable, 47 percent said that their lives would be intolerable or utterly changed, 22 percent said it would make some difference, and 21 percent said it would make no difference, with most of the last saying or implying they already did not believe in a loving God and a few asserting their emotional self-sufficiency. The religious commitment implied by these responses is slightly less than that of the working-class women surveyed in 1978 but vastly greater than what the Lynds reported for their small group of business-class women in 1924.

What about the difference between men and women? As it happened, the Lynds never interviewed adult men about their religious feelings. In the 1978 religion survey, we did take the opportunity of putting question C to a sample of men. The men's responses, as far as we could judge, were indistinguishable from the women's.

* Respectively, 1924, 1978, 1924, 1978.

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A fairly unified belief system emerges from the responses of a population scattered among many denominations whose official beliefs on such matters as salvation and free will sometimes differ sharply from one another. The themes most often repeated are the following. (1) Prayer is internally efficacious; it strengthens the sufferer to endure or to surmount his or her suffering. (2) Prayer is externally efficacious; it can avert danger and cure the sick. (3) Bible reading is internally efficacious in the same manner as prayer. (4) The Bible guarantees the eventual safety of those who read and believe it. (5) Jesus takes care of those who have made a commitment to Him. (6) Morality of any kind is predicated on the existence of God. (7) God provides all of life's meaning and hope. (8) The presence of God, when directly experienced, is not challengeable by argument. (9) Personal immortality is promised by God and therefore is certain although not clearly visualizable. These nine themes seem to provide the basic pattern for Middletown's dominant religion as described by its believers in 1924 and again in 1978.

The religious beliefs that prevail in Middletown have not changed appreciably over the past two generations. The words and the turns of phrase that people use now to describe their inner religious experience are so close to the language of their grandparents that we cannot tell them apart. The continuum of belief that the Lynds discovered in 1924 is still intact, running from people who put their total trust in themselves, to those who rely on themselves and their families, to those who trust in their families and in God, to those who trust in God alone. There are more people now at the pious end of the continuum. Moreover, the differences in devotion between women and men and between the working class and the business class that the Lynds described have all but disappeared. We can find no trace of the inverse relationship between income, education, and other measures of achievement that was anticipated by the theory that secularization accompanies modernization and continues inexorably until traditional religion disappears.

IT WOULD be absurd to leave the impression that nothing has changed in organized religion in Middletown over the past half-century. Liturgies have changed, attitudes have changed, and whole bodies of doctrine have changed radically. The sexual morality preached in Middletown's churches in 1980 is quite different from what it was in 1960, let alone 1900. A Mass in one of Middletown's Catholic churches bears little resemblance to the Latin ritual of 1960. The same Presbyterians and Lutherans who speak in tongues nowadays would not have spoken to anyone who defended the practice a few years ago. The Episcopal Church has women priests and a new prayer book. The YMCA no longer has any religious importance, but the Jehovah's Witnesses do. Where every church was once explicitly segregated by race, all are now integrated in theory and many are in fact. There are people in Middletown who practice witchcraft seriously and others who shave their heads and meditate on reincarnation. There are enough new things under the sun in Middletown's religion to amaze and delight a curious observer. But we have not been able to find

much trace of the massive trend that was supposed to be carrying us irresistibly out of an age of faith into an age of practical reason.

Most of the changes we recorded in the religious habits of this community over the past half-century favor freedom of choice. Most churches have a roughly designated territory and several denominations have precisely demarcated parish boundaries, but parishioners are free to cross them when they wish. Nowhere, not even in the Catholic churches, are worshipers turned away or made to feel unwelcome because they come from outside a designated territory, and no Middletown church today pretends to have any authority to compel the attendance of reluctant members. The boundaries between Protestant denominations have become so permeable that husband and wife may belong to churches of different denominations without inviting censure in either place.

The pressure exerted by children on parents and by parents on children to attend church or to participate in other church activities has been much reduced. The proportion of adolescents who reported that they quarreled with their parents about attending religious services has declined correspondingly.

The battle between clergy and laity for the possession of the Sabbath that the Lynds described in such detail has been agreeably settled by reserving Sunday morning for religious services and Sunday afternoon for secular recreation. The onerous parts of religious observance—long sermons, afternoon services, compulsory fasts—have been mostly abandoned. The revivals, although more numerous than ever, have been shortened in recognition of the participants' other interests and obligations.

The same harmonious spirit that suppresses theological arguments before they begin inhibits censure of other people's behavior. There is plenty of preaching against classes of sinners in Middletown's churches (profligates, gamblers, irresponsible parents) but virtually none against individual sinners. Divorce, suicide, bankruptcy, and unmarried pregnancies are treated as disasters, not as crimes, by Middletown's ministers and churchgoers, and the victims are much more likely to be consoled than to be ostracized. Hester Prynne would be welcome at a church supper nowadays and, after a little discreet whispering, might even be treated with a special kindness.

In every measurable way, Middletown's religion has become less puritanical in the past two generations, that is, less conscience-stricken about faults, less censorious about

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shortcomings, less emphatic about rewards and punishments, and less preoccupied with sex. The theological implications of these changes are not easy to decipher. It might be argued that the importance of religion has been diminished by the relaxation of the moral criteria that formerly separated saints from sinners. On the other hand, the attitudes toward personal conduct that prevail today in most of Middletown's churches are much more compatible with the doctrine of original sin. In the fundamentalist churches, this leads to a view of the world as hopelessly corrupt and unimprovable; the goal of the believer is to stop taking the world seriously. In the mainline denominations, it encourages a type of humility that withholds condemnation of even the most heinous personal acts, with blame reserved for political and economic "systems." No sentence in the New Testament is more widely known or more often quoted in today's Middletown than "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

WHEN THE Lynds observed the churches of Middletown in 1924, the abstention of the clergy from politics was as complete as it had been in Tocqueville's time, although the ministers of business-class congregations might occasionally have echoed from the pulpit the sentiments of their golf partners about labor unions or referred in passing to "godless Bolshevism." When the Lynds came back to Middletown ten years later in the midst of the Great Depression, they were distressed to see that, with one or two exceptions, the Protestant churches of Middletown were taking no position at all on "internationalism, disarmament, pacifism, labor organization, social planning in the interest of the masses and the redistribution of wealth, civil liberty, the amendment of the Constitution, socialized medicine, and birth control."

During the 1960s, a few of Middletown's churches developed an active interest in public events. The clergy led the movement; their congregations followed at a distance and with apparent reluctance. A line of fracture developed between "worldly" and "other worldly" factions within the churches affected by the change. These internal conflicts were particularly sharp in the denominations the Lynds had identified as "business class," especially the Presbyterians and the Methodists. Working-class denominations such as the Southern Baptists, the Adventists, and the Assemblies of God were untouched by the problem and thrived between 1960 and 1980, while the Presbyterians and the Methodists declined in membership for the first time in living memory. The Catholics and the Lutherans, racked by the same issues, barely held their own.

Middletown's denominations do not agree about abortion, parochial education, the equality of the sexes, or the obligation to perform military service. But, aside from such politicized issues, the elements of Middletown's shared Christian creed—God, Jesus, the Bible, church, heaven, morality—are not differently perceived by Nazarenes, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Lutherans, and only some differences of emphasis separate these from Unitarians or Roman Catholics. Seventh-Day Adventists, Quakers, Mormons, Christian Scientists, and Jehovah's Witnesses do subscribe to some important doctrinal differences, but even these inconsistencies with the majority creed are subdued in the ecumenical atmosphere of contemporary Middletown. With respect to the doctrinal differences that ostensibly account for the existence of so many Protestant denominations (disagreement about episcopal authority, free will and pre-destination, the efficacy of sacraments, infant or adult baptism, original sin, revelation and the interpretation of Scripture), we found little interest among laypeople, who for the most part were unaware of the beliefs they were supposed to hold on these contentious points. And, although members of the clergy are aware of the finer theological points, they seem even less inclined to argue them with the representatives of other denominations. Mainline and fundamentalist pastors differ more in style than in substance on religious issues, although they differ profoundly in their social and political attitudes.

The new tolerance is the most striking change in Middletown's religion in the past half-century; indeed, it represents a signal departure from Christian practice throughout history. Not only do Protestants speak well of each other and benignly of Catholics, they abstain from condemnation of the heathen and favor teaching about Buddhism in the public schools. There is no longer any preaching against the pope at revival meetings. There are no more diatribes against the Jews in Easter sermons. The rise of Islamic fundamentalism in the late 1970s and the anti-American vituperation of Moslem mobs during the Iranian hostage crisis did not provoke any discernible anti-Moslem reaction in Middletown's churches. The attack on the pope by a Moslem assassin in 1981 did not make Middletown's Catholics hostile toward Islam. Religion of any kind is no longer perceived as a legitimate object of aggression. The wrath of the godly is now reserved for such secular targets as bureaucrats, abortionists, and pornographers.

Likewise, militant atheism, which the Lynds noticed was rarer in 1924 than it had been in 1890, is practically unknown in Middletown today. The level of belief and even of religious practice among those who *never* go to church is impressive; 40 percent of them expressed no doubts about the existence of God, 37 percent voiced no doubts about the divinity of Jesus, and 72 percent claimed that they pray often when alone.

AS WE HAVE shown, the general level of religious belief and practice in Middletown is not very different today from what it was a half-century ago, and the leading tenets of popular theology have remained virtually the same. There is much more tolerance among churches and a good deal of ecumenical good will that was formerly lacking, but no more cooperation than before toward common goals. The denominations of Middletown are perhaps more significant as sources of personal identity today than they were two generations ago, but the difference is small and is counterbalanced by a modest decline in religious endogamy. The Reverend Rip van Winkle, Methodist minister, awakening in Middletown after a sixty-year sleep, would hardly know he had been away.

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An irreligious war

JAMES O'GARA

AT FIRST glance Belfast, Northern Ireland's major city, is something of an anti-climax. This was the case at least for this American visitor, long accustomed to television scenes of violence in that strife-torn city. The approaches and outer edges of Belfast seem peaceful enough. It is only when one reaches the more central parts of the city that the results of years of political and sectarian strife are inescapable. Thousands of people have had to leave their homes, and one sees blocks of bricked-up buildings abandoned by former tenants because they were too close to the rival group's area. They now serve as a buffer keeping the tribes apart. British troops on foot patrol or in armored cars are much in evidence, and entrance into the inner city is possible only by going through barriers where security men check you and your possessions for possible arms or bombs.

Northern Ireland is at war, war on a small scale but a genuine guerrilla war for all that. It is not accurate to call the dispute a religious war, and one lays oneself open to criticism for doing so. In many ways, though, the distinction seems to be one without much difference. As far as I could determine, almost all Unionists, who want to keep North Ireland's ties to Britain, are Protestant; almost all Nationalists, who want a united Ireland, are Catholic. As Roman Catholic Bishop Cahal Daly of Belfast says, it may not be a religious war, but the religious dimension is inescapable.

Have the Christian churches done what they should to bring peace? In one sense, the status quo is witness to the fact that they have failed miserably. On the other hand, many ask what they could have done in a situation where many people will not even talk to each other. All this was brought home to me forcibly when half a dozen of us journalists who had attended the Thirteenth World Congress of the Catholic Press in Dublin traveled North to interview political and religious leaders as well as rank-and-file citizens and to see the situation for ourselves. It was an enlightening if not an encouraging trip.

The situation in Northern Ireland is complex, but its main outlines can be stated rather simply. It is commonly said that there are in Northern Ireland one million Protestants and half a million Catholics, but this is journalistic shorthand. Apparently the true figures are closer to a little over 900,000 Protestants and a little less than 600,000 Catholics. From its very beginning more than fifty years ago Northern Ireland was a gerrymandered state, with its borders artificially contrived to ensure a Protestant voting majority. Some Protestant ministers we talked with insisted that this Unionist domination had not resulted in discrimination against Catholics, but the evidence seems inescapable that there was in fact serious discrimination in such crucial areas as jobs and housing. It was such injustice that led to the predominantly Catholic civil rights marches some fifteen years ago, which resulted in a violent reaction from the Unionists and which in turn led to the assumption of power by the British government and occupation by the British troops who are there to this day.

Now, as *Le Monde* remarked about Ulster: "The problem is deadlocked. The British government is showing a serious lack of imagination by not seeing Ulster in any terms other than a police operation and maintaining law and order. A new political initiative is needed."

TERRORISM is the curse of Northern Ireland, and almost every day the newspapers feature stories of bombings or political assassinations. According to a recent study, there have been over 43,000 separate incidents of shootings, bombings, and arson during the past fourteen years. Over 2300 men, women, and children have died in the violence, and more than 24,000 have been injured or maimed. In a country with a population of one and a half million, the killing of 2300 people is equivalent in proportionate terms to the killing of approximately 325,000 people in the United States. On the Nationalist side the main force, of course, is the IRA, the Provisional Irish Republican Army. On the Unionist sides there are terrorists too, like those in the Ulster Volunteer Force and the Ulster Defense Association, although these are less active now that the British troops are there to carry out a war on the IRA.

Catholics in Northern Ireland seem to have an ambivalent attitude toward the IRA. We talked to Bishop Cahal Daly of Down and Connor, which includes Belfast, who is considered by many to be the Irish hierarchy's intellectual, and to Bishop Edward Daly of Derry, as the Nationalists insist on calling it, or of Londonderry, as the Unionists would have it. Both were explicit in their condemnation of IRA violence, as are the rest of the Irish hierarchy. Most of the clergy would probably share this view, we were told, although we talked with one priest who was what we in the U.S. would call a social activist,

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serving in a very poor Catholic working-class distict; he said he opposed all war and violence, but saw no sense in condemning IRA tactics unless he could offer a viable alternative in their place. Among the Catholic laity we talked to, a minority condemned the IRA lock, stock and barrel, but a larger group, while insisting that they disapproved of random violence, still pointed out that less than ten percent of the Royal Ulster Constabulary were Catholic and that they regarded the IRA as an indispensable protection for Catholics against possible attack.

This latter attitude of at least a limited, grudging approval of the IRA was reflected in recent voting. The Social Democratic and Labor Party (SDLP) headed by John Hume is the Nationalist party which has always appealed to moderate Catholics. It seeks the unification of Ireland but is completely opposed to violence and has always sought to use only political means. Competing for Catholic votes is the Sinn Fein. Its leaders deny that they speak for the IRA, understandably enough since that organization is illegal on both sides of the border; however, Sinn Fein is generally taken to be the political arm of the IRA. Their view is plain. Said their spokesman: "We live on a dung hill that should be brought down and something else put in its place." In the most recent local election the moderate SDLP got only 137,000 votes, while the Sinn Fein total rose to 102,000. Most political commentators take this as a sign of a growing frustration among Catholic Nationalists at the inability of the SDLP to win any serious concessions from the Unionist majority by peaceful political means, rather than any particular sympathy with Sinn Fein's goal of a socialist Ireland. (Incidentally, American Catholics of Irish descent who contribute to causes linked to the IRA and Sinn Fein would probably have been shocked to hear the Sinn Fein's spokesman in Belfast: he was bitterly anti-hierarchy, anti-clerical, anti-church.)

Protestant leaders do not talk about the Roman Catholic church in terms as bitter as those used by the Sinn Fein spokesman, but there is no doubt they fear Catholic power. Typically, one minister spoke of "the Protestant distaste for any entrenched influence the Catholic hierarchy exercises over aspects of the Republic's secular policies. We have more than our own fair share of illiberal dogmatists. But we also have an innate revulsion against unelected clerical power imposing standards of conduct — trying, even through censorship, to regulate ideas."

The Catholic church no longer has the favored position it once had under the Irish Republic's constitution, but Catholic values and attitudes are enshrined in law. There is no divorce in the South, even in cases where the church has granted an annulment—a situation which leads to some strange anomalies. This is the case even though the polls show that 58 percent of those queried oppose the total ban on divorce. Contraceptives are available only by prescription and only to married couples, and I was told that some pharmacists even then refuse to sell them. The recent abortion referendum, making unconstitutional what was already illegal, seems to have polarized the country, some even calling it the second partition of Ireland. Although they are almost universally opposed to abortion, the Protestant churches were against the constitutional amendment. The Catholic hierarchy as a body issued a reasonably moderate statement, but their example was not followed by some individual bishops and by many pastors. Protestants in the North are as opposed to abortion as Catholics but the tactics used in the referendum campaign in the South strengthened old prejudices and fears.

MIGHT THE CATHOLIC church in the South help the situation in the North by adopting a stance more suitable to a pluralistic society? In general, Catholic leaders tended to pooh-pooh the idea, saying that in any case it was inevitable that a country that is 95 percent Catholic will reflect Catholic values in areas like family law. To a man, Protestant leaders took the opposite tack, citing long-held fears of Catholic political authoritarianism. After talking to a variety of people, my own impression was that the Republic should make changes in some laws in order to reflect a better understanding of the proper relationship between church and state; in my opinion, though, such changes would have little effect on Protestants in the North, at least in the short run. The gap between the two religious groups is too great for any easy remedy. Anyone who doubts this has only to go, as I did, to a service in the Rev. Ian Paisley's church; after listening to him speak in the name of Martin Luther on Reformation Sunday, no one could imagine that any changes in the Republic's family laws would alter his dark view of the pope and the Roman Catholic church. Granted, Paisley represents an extreme, but his views are to at least some degree shared by many, and his Democratic Unionist Party attracted as high a proportion of Unionist votes as Sinn Fein did among Nationalists.

Could anything be done to foster understanding and heal the deep religious wounds in Northern Ireland? One answer is a ministry of reconciliation, and some individual Protestant ministers and Catholic priests are engaged in that. My impression, however, is that such men represent a minority; the British were not alone in constructing walls between Protestant and Catholic.

Without exception Protestant ministers and people we talked to said common schools for Protestant and Catholic children would be of inestimable value. The Catholic bishops have always rejected this idea, and so too did the two bishops we interviewed. Both, interestingly enough, cited the

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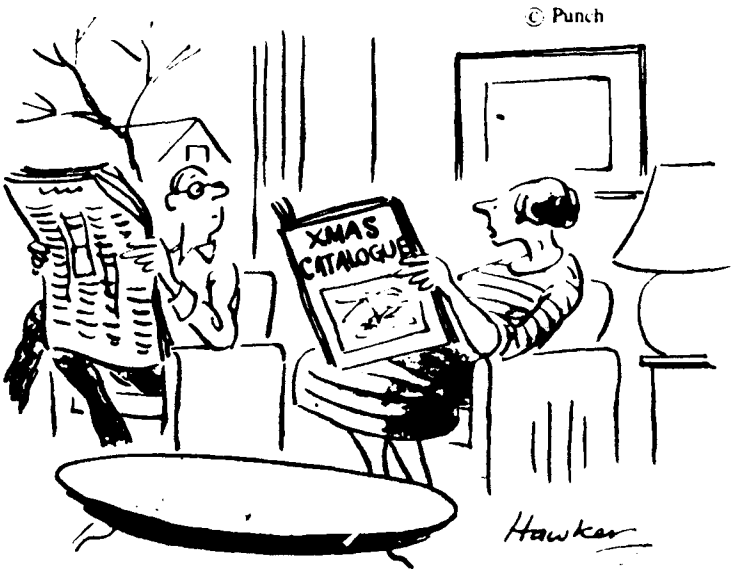

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Greeley-Rossi report to show that Catholics who attend parochial schools are less prejudiced against others than Catholics in the public schools. No comparable study seems to have been done in Northern Ireland, and some argue that statistics from the U.S. are irrelevant in this case, given the special problem that exists in Northern Ireland. However, Bishop Cahal Daly said, "The question is, are we trying to create a homogeneous society or a culturally diverse population in which differences are respected?" The Protestant consensus on the school issue, on the other hand, was summed up by one minister who said, "The teaching of religious values should never be at the expense of reconciliation."

In any event, any change in the school status quo seems unlikely in the foreseeable future. But statistics on the school population raise an interesting possibility. Irish Catholics in general have larger families than do Protestants, and Catholic children now amount to 48 percent of the school population. Demographers estimate that in thirty years or so the tables in the North will be turned and Catholics will be in the majority. Anticipating this, some Unionist leaders are already suggesting that a two-thirds vote rather than a simple majority be required for any major change in the political system — a Northern Ireland Catch-22. Others, like Dr. Eric Gallagher, formerly president of the Methodist church in Ireland, take a more positive view; he suggests that Protestant Unionists would be wise to create a constitutional set-up now which would include Catholics but which would guarantee the future liberties of Protestants.

ONE THING is clear: the slogan "Brits Out" so beloved of graffiti-writers and the IRA is too simple. In heavily Catholic Derry the scrawls on the walls assure one and all that "You are now in Provoland." This may be true enough in Derry, but in Belfast they write "For God and Ulster," statues of Queen Victoria and various British and Unionist luminaries ring the City Hall, and at the end of a formal dinner given for us by the Belfast City Council all solemnly rose to toast the British Queen. Unionists treasure their connection with Britain, and they take the "Brits Out" slogan to refer to them, as well as to the British troops. And as Bishop Cahal Daly pointed out, "Unionists lived in Northern Ireland long before there was a white man in America."

No, "Brits Out" overnight is no solution. The problem is that the British try to act the role of the neutral intermediary, of the honest broker, when what is needed from them is recognition that they are part of the problem. As John Hume of the SDLP put it, "Why should the Unionists change their minds as long as they have a British guarantee to stay on indefinitely?" And as far as I could determine, there is absolutely no British pressure on the Unionists in the interest of change or reform.

Ten years ago Britain created a new governmental system for Northern Ireland which included power-sharing to bring Catholics into the government. This was accompanied by a perhaps ill-conceived proposal for a National Council of Ireland which further alarmed those afraid of Irish unity. A general strike of protest by Protestant Unionists followed, bringing the country grinding to a total halt; the British in London caved in, and the power-sharing experiment quickly came to an end. Today the government is run exclusively by the British (with much improved conditions for Catholics), and the only nominal participation by Northern Irish politicians is an emasculated General Assembly. That body is purely advisory in nature, to understate the matter; as one priest-journalist with me remarked, "The Assembly is like most parish councils; it has absolutely no power."

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT political activity in Ireland at the moment centers around the New Ireland Forum. The Unionist parties in the North refuse to participate in the Forum, just as the Nationalist SDLP refuses to join in the Assembly. But all political parties in the South as well as the SDLP are participating, and proposals about a solution to the Northern Ireland situation are being received from community leaders of all stripes, North and South. John Hume, one of the Forum's founders, described his goal for it: "The proposal is quite specific. It is that the parties on this island, the elected democratic parties that believe in a new Ireland, should for the first time come together in a body, should examine the problems that lie in the way of a new Ireland, the economic problems, the church-state relations, and then having done that, should produce a blueprint for the shape of that new Ireland which demonstrates very clearly that it is an Ireland whose definition of Irishness includes all the strands of Irish opinion."

The hope of the Forum's founders is that a calm and reasoned consensus will emerge from its deliberations by early spring and that this consensus will be so compelling that no party involved in the issue will be able to dissent, including the governments of the Republic of Ireland and Great Britain. Heaven knows that the strife has caused economic chaos: in some Catholic districts of Derry, according to Bishop Edward Daly, male unemployment runs over 50 percent, unemployment in Northern Ireland in general is the highest in Western Europe, and the Forum estimates that fourteen years of violence have cost both countries a total of some $16 billion in security costs and economic losses.

What is needed is a constitutional solution that both sides accept, even if not happily. So far the options suggested are three: first, a unitary state with pluralist constitutional guarantees for all; second, a federal solution in which North and South would be separate units like New York and California under one central government, but each with rigid guarantees of religious liberty and each with its own laws on such matters as contraception and divorce; last, dual sovereignty, with Dublin and London sharing authority in the North.

Of these three major possibilities, the federal solution seems to me the most likely and the most workable. At the moment some aspects are favorable: the Republic in the South has a newly elected prime minister, and Mrs. Thatcher's majority is so large that she no longer needs the votes of Unionists from Northern Ireland. But no solution will be easily attained, if indeed it can be won at all.

At the moment great hope is being placed in the New Ireland

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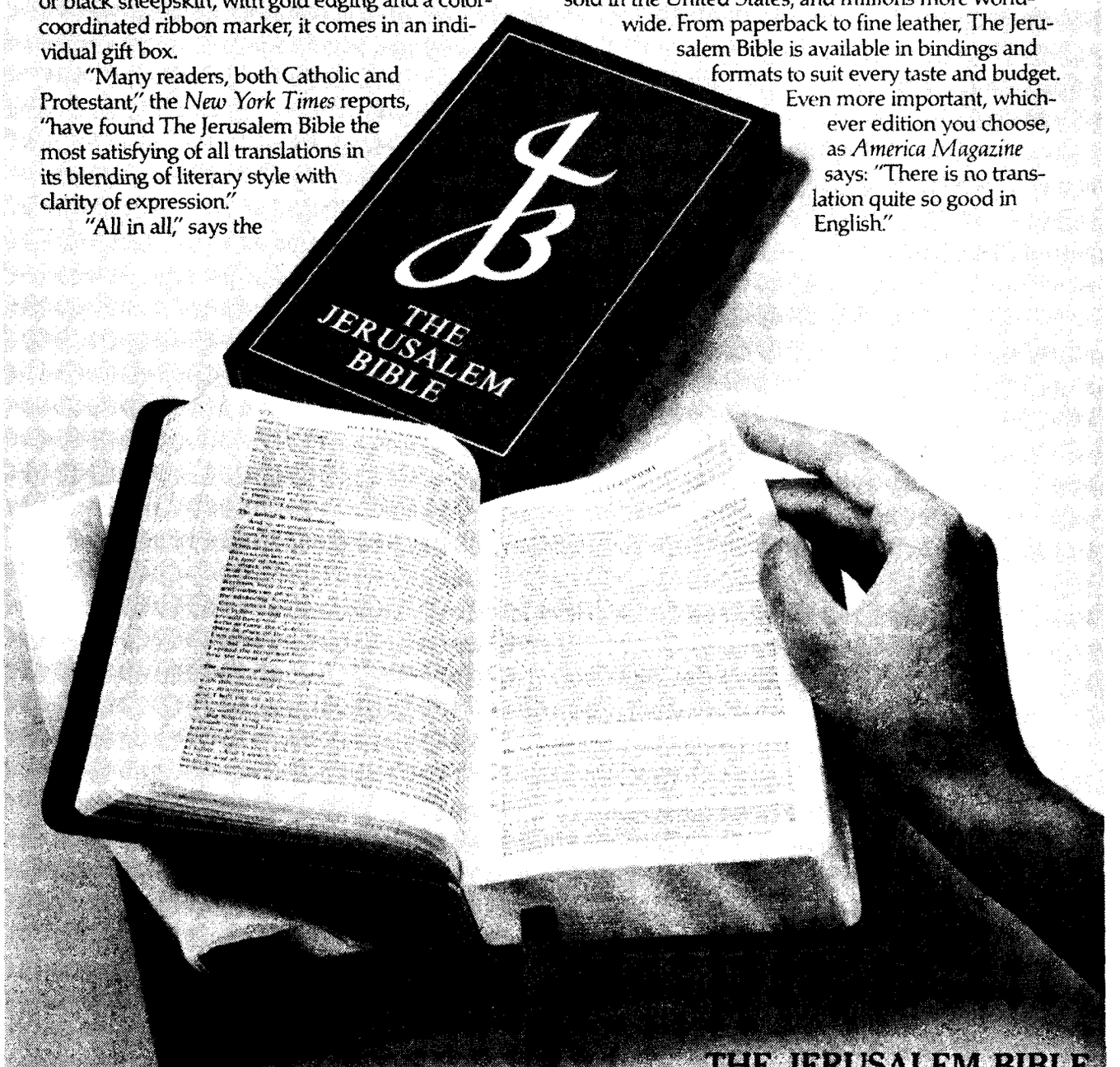

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Forum but that could turn out to be what the Irish call just another "talking shop." In a situation where both sides have to be willing to compromise, the opposition of Protestant Unionists to the idea of a united Ireland is very strong, and Sinn Fein and the IRA will not quickly fade away. On the day we left Northern Ireland, three more policemen were killed, to add to the 2300 already dead, and a bomb along our route added a dozen more to the injured. It is not impossible that some day there may be a solution in Northern Ireland, but that day will not be tomorrow. And before it arrives there will be, I fear, many more dead and maimed.

Screen

OLD GLORY

CARRIED AWAY IN SPACE

I ONCE spent an evening with one of the original astronauts, Scott Carpenter. He warned me right away that he wasn't too thrilling a conversationalist, and he wasn't shucking. Boring? I'd *rather* watch paint dry. At the time, he was selling trash compactors in southern California, so I asked him about them. A mistake. He told me. He "copied a pad," as Mission Control would say, on the subject of garbage. He put every spec, stat, and dat neatly in place, programmatically reviewed every option, checked and double-checked every hydraulic line. I was ready to augur out. He was a great salesman, though. I have to give him that. I'd have bought a compactor from him just to shut him up.

In the movie version of *The Right Stuff*, Carpenter plays only a minor part, which is a shame. Maybe writer-director Philip Kaufman decided to cut down the role, compared to Tom Wolfe's book anyway, because the real Scott Carpenter was acting as technical advisor on the film. Doing an elaborate portrait of someone you were dealing with personally and hoping to be guided by might have been a problem. Still, it's too bad, because Carpenter seems to me, in all his tediousness, the very essence of an astronaut hero.

There was at least one moment in his life when he wasn't the colorless drudge I met in California, when he really got fired up, excited, carried away. That was on May 24, 1962, when his Mercury space capsule rode a huge Atlas rocket into earth orbit. Once he was up there, weightless, Carpenter got a kind of heavenly rapture of the deep—rapture of the spheres, they might have called it. He barreled through the complex schedule of experiments he'd been given, and then spent much of his time playing with the hydrogen peroxide thrusters that controlled the capsule's attitude. He was pitching and yawing and turning every which-a-way. He was also using up the fuel he would need to orient himself for re-entry, and Capcom ordered him to cut it out.

He did, for a while. But then he accidentally banged the hatch door and caused a swarm of "fireflies" (ionized particles collected on the capsule's metal surface?) to fly past his porthole. John Glenn had encountered the phenomenon as well. Carpenter couldn't resist swinging the capsule to and fro some more in order to observe this curiosity better as he banged away on the hatch door. By the end of his last orbit, the automatic controls were no longer functional. He had to go through the re-entry sequence manually—"fly by wire," as the astronauts put it. His re-entry angle was off by nine degrees, nor did he have any fuel left to control oscillation as he plummeted back toward earth. The communications black-out normally caused by the buffeting of the capsule didn't lift after a few minutes, as it was supposed to. NASA feared that Carpenter's monkeyshines had cost him the ability to line up correctly for re-entry, that the capsule had burned with him inside as it came down. But it hadn't. Forty minutes later, while the nation still held its breath, a reconnaissance plane found Carpenter floating happily in a raft beside the capsule, which had splashed down 250 miles off target.

I'm sure that nobody was more amazed at Carpenter's larking than the people of NASA. The man I met in California, someone who was calm and steady to the point of dullness, was what NASA thought they had gotten in Carpenter. But once he was up there out of reach, he surprised everybody—including, I suspect, himself—by turning back into a jet jockey, a "hot dog." He reverted to the mentality of the test pilots from whose ranks most of the astronauts had been recruited, and whose only code of honor was to have "the Right Stuff." The Catch-22 of the space program was that a program required one kind of human being, while letting yourself be hurtled into outer space required quite another.

Since billions of dollars were at stake, and the whole world was watching, the program needed astronauts who were sober, responsible types, team players. They had to be men who could recognize that when the national interest was at stake, they must take their orders from wiser heads than their own, even from computers if necessary. Yet one couldn't help the feeling that what was really needed to get beyond the frontiers to which bureaucracy could carry you, to penetrate the unknown, were the traditional American virtues of self-reliance, an ability to improvise, and daring. There had to be a hundred computers monitoring every space shot, a hundred engineers trying to iron out the bugs beforehand, a hundred back-up systems for every phase of the flight; and then, just in case the precautions weren't enough, or weren't the right ones, you had to have some guy who was capable of "flying by wire."

NASA was slow to admit the necessity of this last item on their checklist. There's a scene in Kaufman's movie where the seven Mercury astronauts come to inspect the prototype of their capsule for the first time. "Where's the window so we can look out?" John Glenn (Ed Harris) wants to know. How else could a pilot orient himself properly to the horizon line of the earth when flying in space? And where are the explosive bolts on the hatch that can be operated from inside, another member of the crew demands. In both the movie and the book on which it is based, what makes these astronauts heroes, as

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much as their achievements in space, is the battle they fought on the ground for control of the capsules. It is as if they were keeping the possibility of heroism itself alive—the right to take your fate into your own hands, to risk everything, maybe even to be reckless, for the satisfaction of having survived in the end, of having proven yourself to yourself, and to everyone else in the bargain. It really is an inspiring story, an irresistible one, and Kaufman sees its largeness. He gives it the space it needs.

The fascination Scott Carpenter held for me was that he seemed to embody, in his dullness and his craziness, the contradiction that the space age holds for us all. But I must admit that while neglecting his particular story, Kaufman's script and direction have not left anything out. The qualities that I found in Carpenter alone Kaufman discovers in all the astronauts put together. When the space program was being started up, there were many confusions and disasters. One of the movie's best sequences is of old color newsreels in which rocket after rocket collapses on the launch pad during test firings. Apparently the movie itself got off to a similar start. Over a year ago, articles began to appear suggesting that the film would never fly. But like his astronaut heroes, Kaufman has had the last word. It turns out that he was the filmmaker with the Right Stuff after all.

(The first of two parts)

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Books: CRITICS' CHRISTMAS CHOICES

David Lodge

DAVID LODGE *is a novelist, critic, and professor of modern English literature at the University of Birmingham in England. His last novel,* Souls and Bodies, *was published by Morrow.*

D. M. THOMAS'S *Ararat* (Viking, $13.50, 191 pp.) proved to my satisfaction that the achievement of *The White Hotel* (1981) was no fluke, though not all British reviewers agreed (not that they were unanimously enthusiastic about the earlier novel either). *Ararat* is mostly about the mid-life crisis of a Russian poet in the mold of Yevtushenko, and is structured like one of those Russian wooden dolls that nest one inside the other. The innermost core of the novel is an unfinished poem by Pushkin, for which Thomas provides a continuation. I found the book a fascinating and constantly surprising meditation on the themes of creativity, sexuality, and death.

Another British novelist who has found an imaginative provocation in Eastern Europe this year is Malcolm Bradbury, whose *Rates of Exchange* (Knopf, $13.95, 310 pp.) is set in an imaginary country called Slaka that combines the characteristics of Yugoslavia, Poland, and Ruritania, and has its own language, or rather languages, ingeniously invented by the novelist, and many language games. The novel relates the adventures of an amiable but naive British academic, lecturing on linguistics in this complex and confusing country, in which nothing is quite what it seems. It is a very funny book about very serious matters, composed with great stylistic virtuosity and sophistication.

No westerner, however, can write about Eastern Europe with the inwardness of a native. Milan Kundera's *The Joke*, first published in Czechoslovakia in 1967, has only just become available in an authorized translation (Harper & Row, $14.95, 267 pp.) but was well worth waiting for. The spiritual and political history of postwar Czechoslovakia is reflected in a complex and ironic tale of love and sexual intrigue, mediated through four interweaving monologues. A funny, sad, wise, marvelous book.

Academic literary criticism continues to be dominated by "theory" and the struggle between deconstructionist and humanist approaches to the business of reading. Jonathan Culler's *On Deconstruction* (Cornell, $22.50, $8.95 paper, 312 pp) is a typically patient, thoughtful, illuminating exposition of the ideas of Jacques Derrida and their application to literary studies. The British Marxist critic Terry Eagleton has produced a packed polemical survey entitled *Literary Theory: An Introduction* (Minnesota, $29.50, $9.95 paper, 244 pp.) written with verve and humor (a rather rare commodity in this field). He concludes that neither literature nor "theory" deserve their privileged status, and would like to replace departments of literature with departments of "Discursive Practices." A good text to get the adrenalin flowing in a graduate seminar. In *The Art of Telling: Essays on Fiction* (Harvard, $15, 229 pp.) Frank Kermode plausibly compares the institution of academic literary studies to a church, but does not regard this as a self-evident condemnation, since culture cannot exist without some institutional framework. These urbane, perceptive essays demonstrate that a sophisticated familiarity with modern literary theory is not incompatible with the traditional practice of literary criticism.

Rosemary Haughton

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON, *writer and lecturer, is part of a small community in Gloucester, Mass., offering hospitality to homeless people. She also co-directs Movement for North American Mission, which prepares lay missionaries to help build community among the marginalized. Her books include* The Catholic Thing *and* The Passionate God.

THE CHIEF difficulty for me in choosing books to write about is that I tend to re-read favorites for years and feel unfriendly to newcomers until they are forced on my attention. The

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three I have picked are thus a year or more old. One of them is the kind that absolutely requires re-reading unless one is scientifically better educated than I am. It is by a physicist, Fritjof Capra, who previously wrote *The Tao of Physics*, and it is called *The Turning Point* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95, $3.50 paper, 464 pp.). It is not alone of its kind, I don't even know if it is the best, but for myself and others it lives up to its title. At one point it describes the confusion and disorientation which beset the group of physicists who were beginning to discover that their experiments in subatomic physics were resulting in the destruction of all their previous convictions about the nature of reality. There were no "basic building blocks," only shifting relationships, which had to be differently described at different moments. Incredible harmonies of a-causal relatedness emerged, the universe dissolved, and was re-discovered as an inter-dependent system of systems, adapting and transforming, reacting on each other at every level. (This is not "theology" as classified by publishers and bookstores, but more and more it is the theology that makes sense to me, the theology of John, and the mystics—the theology of Jesus, too.) This same dissolution and rediscovery of reality was, and is, being experienced in medicine, education, economics. The new awareness is still "unorthodox," but gains ground as the mechanistic, Cartesian view of life betrays its destructive results more brutally year by year.

Perhaps those who still think in terms of control and competition will succeed in burning up the earth before the turning tide can drown their hideous constructs of war and oppression. But perhaps not. The same message comes through Morris West's novel *The Clowns of God* (Morrow, $14.95, $3.95 paper, 372 pp). West is a slick, brilliant, sexist writer of considerable theological naiveté, and something of the strangeness of which Capra writes must have got through to him for him to write a story of gatherings of the defective and eccentric, who are mysteriously called together in remote places. They hold the only hope of a light to shine in the darkness of a post-nuclear-war world, but also, just perhaps, the only hope of averting such a war. Power or empowerment? Control, or shared life?

Shared life is what Edwina Gateley writes about in her *Psalms of a Laywoman* (Claretian, $5.95, 128 pp.), and the introduction briefly tells how she brought into being, at first singlehanded, the Volunteer Missionary Movement, which now sends lay people to serve as missionaries to Africa, New Guinea, and elsewhere. Her 'psalms' are simple to the point of starkness, the exact reflection of personal and yet universal experience, the awareness of vocation, the resistance, the discovery, the struggle to realize it, the growth of community, the doubts, hopes, prayers, celebrations. They are indeed 'psalms', and they, like the other two books, grow out of a sense of transformation taking place, quietly, with mind-blowing unexpectedness, yet it is all familiar, at home in our lives, breaking them open to reveal the reality we never suspected.

Bob Kuttner

BOB KUTTNER *is a contributing editor of the* New Republic. *He is the author of* Revolt of the Haves, *and has just completed a book on ideologies of equality and efficiency,* Economic Growth/Economic Justice.

IN the course of examining the hoary claim that social justice is bad for economic prosperity, I have read a number of works, some old, some new. Of the recent crop, my favorite is Michael Walzer's fine and mannered *Spheres of Justice: A Defense of Pluralism and Equality* (Basic Books $19.95, 344 pp.). The subtitle is important, for Walzer demonstrates persuasively that equality is a substantial precondition for pluralism, contrary to the laissez faire view that pluralism depends on gross inequality. Walzer's basic argument is that many of the most important spheres of human life — family, community, religion, friendship, civic democracy -- are utterly unsuited to the market's ruthless criteria of commodity and exchange. Market capitalism recognizes only the equal opportunity to become unequal; "complex equality" (Walzer's phrase) requires respect for the non-market spheres of human life.

A second favorite among 1983 volumes is Lester Thurow's *Dangerous Currents: The State of Economics*. (Random House, $16.95, 247 pp.) This is the definitive exposition, by a fully credentialed economist, of why orthodox economics is mostly tautology. Treading nimbly across general equilibrium analysis, the theoretical inconsistencies between macro- and micro-economics, the nonsensical assumptions about income distribution, Thurow does for (and to) mainstream economics what C. Wright Mills did for sociology when he translated all of Talcott Parsons into a few pages of deflated English. Only one complaint: Had Thurow done a second draft, this would have been in a class with Schumpeter and Keynes. Nonetheless, even hasty Thurow is far better than most other Ph.D economists writing laboriously.

Lost in the shuffle last year was Alan Wolfe's excellent *America's Impasse* (Pantheon, $16.50, 293 pp.). Wolfe's topic is "the rise and fall of growth economics." He does a far better job than some of the more widely acclaimed and better promoted works considering the same territory. Wolfe explains superbly how full-blooded Keynesianism was emasculated into its opposite, and how the mania for military-led growth hobbled the civilian economy.

Economics used to have two honorable traditions—institutionalism and economic history—which have been eaten up by mathematicians pretending to be social scientists. This leaves much of the field to sociologists. This year's best - political - economy - book - by - a - sociologist award goes to Paul Starr, for *The Social Transformation of American Medicine*. (Basic Books, $24.95, 514 pp.) The book is a tour de force. Starr delves into the history of organized medicine, its sociology, its political power, the rise of the sovereign doctor, and his impending fall to corporate medicine. Best of all, Starr demonstrates the sheer inefficiency of much for-profit medicine. Doctors are ambivalent about this book; they like the warning about

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corporate encroachments; they shrink from the implications about medicine's own profiteering. The book is very expensive. Borrow it from your internist's coffee table, or request it as a gift. It is that.

I also come away from a consideration of the future of equality with new respect for the classics of English welfare-state economics, Sir William Beveridge's two great wartime reports, especially *Full Employment in a Free Society*, R.H. Tawney's *Equality*, and almost any of J. M. Keynes's *Essays in Persuasion* — all available and moldering in your local library. They answer Friedman, Gilder, Kristol, and the other neo's as well as anything written in our own day. For connoisseurs, two 1983 British works in that tradition available on this side of the Atlantic are Nick Bosanquet's *After The New Right* (Kluwer Nijhoff, $27, 211 pp.), and Julian Le Grand's *The Strategy of Equality* (George Allen and Unwin, $27.50, $9.95 paper, 192 pp.) Both men are unsentimental egalitarians, inquiring dispassionately where the welfare state went awry, with the reliable good sense and rewarding prose of English Fabians.

As an antidote to all of this heavy social theory, try Milan Kundera's *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* (Penguin, $4.95, 256 pp.), a wickedly funny and deadly serious book, which reminds us why liberty and politics matter, and places them in the correct perspective against the other human pursuits, namely art, humor, fellowship, sex, and love.

Genevieve Stuttaford

GENEVIEVE STUTTAFORD *is nonfiction book review editor at* Publishers Weekly. *Her work has appeared in the* Columbia Journalism Review, Family Circle, *the* Village Voice *and other magazines and journals.*

A JOB that brings thousands of books to one's desk in a publishing season, as mine does, strikes bibliomaniacs as paradise. Still, this license to indulge acquisitiveness is hardly an absolute, for living in a tiny Manhattan apartment I'm thwarted by the laws of displacement: a book added, a book jettisoned. So when asked to write about my favorite reading of the year, favorite ultimately means those books I value enough to cram into my library, usually a book read under deadline pressure that I look forward to re-reading at leisure.

The breadth of critical material in John Updike's *Hugging the Shore* (Knopf, $19.95, 896 pp.) is bountiful, the writing urbane and surprisingly personal on occasion (as when he discusses sex and religion), his attitude toward his fellows generous. The collection represents eight years of writings, mostly for the *New Yorker*, astutely grouped for piecemeal reading: self-interviews and sketches of "insufficiently famous Americans" who include Updike's neighbor's wife and his mailman; oddments, one that speaks directly to book-people assays the book-mailer; and, the bulk of the collection, reviews on some sixty-two authors, the expected American and European, but also African, Japanese, and Indian. Updike is a byline I immediately read whenever he writes about books—and I leave aside here the debate about criticism vs. reviewing.

In his ambitious *The Discoverers* (Random House, $25, 768 pp.) Librarian of Congress Daniel J. Boorstin guides the reader on a voyage across recorded time to chart the breakthroughs in human achievement, from the homely clock to atomic theory. He holds spirited opinions about their discoverers, the long since forgotten and the pantheon who advanced our knowledge of the skies, the seas, plants, animals, our bodies, and ourselves. If Boorstin's enthusiasm for all this progress remains arguably unqualified, his history of thought is nonetheless exhilarating.

Among recent autobiographies and biographies that appeal to me particularly as an offspring of the 1950s and a New Englander with an enduring interest in colonial history are Joyce Johnson's *Minor Characters* (Houghton Mifflin, $13.95, 276 pp.) and Paul C. Nagel's *Descent from Glory: Four Generations of the John Adams Family* (Oxford University Press, $25, 416 pp.).

Johnson's so-called minor characters are the bright, talented women of the fifties who, like herself, then a student at Barnard, shocked their decorous parents by embracing bohemianism, only to find themselves again cast in the role of self-effacing female by a male milieu of renegades, poets, and novelists they felt privileged to be acknowledged by.

MONASTICISM AND THE ARTS
Edited by TIMOTHY GREGORY VERDON
with the assistance of JOHN DALLY
Foreword by JOHN W. COOK

This profusely illustrated collection of essays grew out of a symposium co-sponsored by St. Anselm's Abbey and Yale University in honor of the fifteenth centenary of Saint Benedict's birth. Articles by some of the leading scholars in the field—including William Loerke, Jean Leclercq, Walter Cahn, Marvin Eisenberg, Aidan Kavanagh, Otto von Simson, Bennett Hill, Sumner McK. Crosby—and an Introduction by Verdon explore the relationship between organized religious life in Western civilization and the art forms this has fostered from the Middle Ages through the Renaissance. Some of the topics discussed include book illumination, monastic stained glass, Renaissance art and popular religion, architecture, and music.

368 pages, 111 illustrations, index Cloth $34.95 Paper $16.95

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Johnson's Greenwich Village circle went on to celebrity as the Beat Generation, their pied pipers Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, who became her lover. Her memoir evokes the climate of a conventional era in transition, its youth at risk, restless, rebellious, self-destructive, all of which Johnson, now a top publishing editor, recalls with sober reflection and perspective.

Defiance, dependence, and wasted lives also inform historian Paul C. Nagel's biography. The Adams family, he proposes, began its descent from glory even as it achieved the pinnacle with the presidency of John, followed by the presidency of his son, succeeded by two more generations who acquitted themselves as statesmen and writers, among them a brilliant diplomat and a notable historian. But the family preachments of piety and duty that spurred one member of each generation to distinction made others of their siblings alcoholics and suicides. To be born an Adams—or marry one—proved a burdensome heritage. Nagel shows why it was so in a humanizing portrait that reveals the Adamses through their letters and diaries full of the self-scrutiny that was yet another family burden.

Steven Tipton

STEVEN TIPTON *teaches sociology of religion and ethics at Emory University. His* Getting Saved From the Sixties *will appear in paperback this spring from University of California Press.*

IN modern America it may be true, as Don Marquis joked, that "you don't have to have a soul unless you really want one." But that has not always been the case, and even today such cultural freedom does not extend to the matter of having a self. Conventional counsel to "Just be yourself," even when intended as reassurance instead of criticism, takes the imperative mood, and finding ourselves turns out to be a socially patterned process continuous with the history of caring for our souls. "America became a nation of psychologists partly because it had once been a nation of pietists," argues E. Brooks Holifield in *A History of Pastoral Care in America: From Salvation to Self-Realization* (Abingdon, $16.95, 416 pp.). This elegantly crafted study succeeds at a far broader task than its title announces. Using the changing pastoral ideals of the Protestant clergy as a focusing lens, Holifield traces the relationships among theology, psychology, and changing social and economic patterns in America across four centuries to reveal, from angles that are both panoramic and wonderfully close-up, the revision of selfhood that has evolved in American religion. This story moves from an ideal of self-denial for the sake of other-worldly salvation through benevolent self-love, genteel self-culture, and muscular self-mastery to self-realization within a trustworthy culture, and finally to the realization of a spontaneous self set against cultural mores and social institutions. In following this story we come to understand the powerful part American religion, particularly Protestantism, has played in shaping the "therapeutic culture" often identified with secular society.

Why have efforts to get in touch with our spontaneous inner feelings become an ever more important part of discovering who we are? Because, says Arlie Hochschild, we moderns live in an institutionally divided society. It multiplies social roles and rules, fragmenting the integrity of character, culture, and external norms. Yet the interpersonal work we do demands that we actively manage and *use* our own feelings to perform the white-collar "emotional labor" needed to manage the feelings of others. As emotional cogs in the corporate machinery of a people-processing "personal-services" economy, we prize unmanaged feeling as if it was a rare and precious element because that it is precisely what it has become. Crisply written and vividly grounded in a study of airline stewardesses, Hochschild's *The Managed Heart: The Commercialization of Human Feeling* (University of California, $14.95, xii + 307 pp.) sets out a social psychology of emotion and its All-American alienation with the sort of stinging insight C. Wright Mills would relish. Its cultural intepretation of these social facts is limited by an essentially individualistic idea of emotional interaction as a system of exchange and negotiation. But take the book in terms of its own tradition, inherited as much from Smith and Rousseau as Marx and Weber. Then *The Managed Heart* adds feeling to the body of such recent philosophical works as Alasdair MacIntyre's *After Virtue* (U. of Notre Dame Press, $15.95, 320 pp.), William Sullivan's *Reconstructing Public Philosophy,* (University of California Press, $19.95, 238 pp.) and Michael Walzer's *Spheres of Justice* (Basic Books, $19.95, 344 pp.), which analyze the cultural problems of moral integrity and justice in the modern social world.

Pheme Perkins

PHEME PERKINS *is associate professor of theology at Boston College. Her many published works include* The Gnostic Dialogue, Hearing the Parables of Jesus *and* Reading the New Testament: An Introduction *(all Paulist Press).*

WE MUST imagine the world before we can master it. Such imagination must take into account our theological disciplines and our attempt to understand the perplexities of the world we confront. James H. Charlesworth's edition of *The Old Testament Pseudepigrapha* embodies translations and commentaries by the best scholars working in the area (*Vol. I: Apocalyptic Literature & Testaments, Doubleday, $35, 1000 pp*). It is an invaluable glimpse into the imaginative world of Judaism in the New Testament period. But scholars also challenge the presuppositions with which we read the past. Werner Kelber's analysis of the interaction between oral and textual traditions in the formation of the New Testament warns us that all is not continuous evolution (*The Oral and the Written Gospel,* Fortress, $22.95, 254 pp.). The oral world of Jesus and Paul is one of presence and participation. The text-oriented world of the written Gospel is one in which Christians must face loss, the non-appearance of the divine, and the crisis of death.

Elisabeth Schüssler-Fiorenza's recon-

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struction of the women's story of both empowerment and repression in the New Testament period provides another challenge to ingrained habits (*In Memory of Her: A Feminist Reconstruction of Christian Origins,* Crossroad, $19.50, 376 pp.). Can Christians let go of the unconscious identification of the divine with masculine power long enough to glimpse the liberation of Jesus's vision of Spirit-Sophia? There is a vision to be had in the New Testament of a community of co-equal disciples that may serve as a prototype guiding our progress into the future. Some of Fiorenza's questions might well be set up against Wayne Rollins's description of the Bible as tutor to the soul in light of Jungian psychology (*Jung and the Bible,* John Knox Press, $9.95, 142 pp.) On the one hand, we face the challenge of letting the archetypes speak. On the other, Fiorenza suggests, the fundamental mistake has been to think in terms of archetypes as unchanging forms rather than as prototypes to guide future, new developments.

Outside the theological sphere, two of the year's best sellers provide compelling insights into the world we must face. Judith Rossner's fictional imaging of an analytic treatment weaves a fascinating portrait of a young woman and her analyst both seeking their way in a world where the traditional relationships to men have been shattered (*August,* Houghton Mifflin, $15.95, 376 pp.). Her therapist learns that the world has a moral shape, when a supposedly "attachment free" affair with a married colleague proves that it is not possible for her to claim, "that I was making your life better without doing any harm." That insight might also stand as a beacon in John LeCarré's portrayal of the moral ambiguity and death of persons that takes place in the world of the terrorists and their Israeli opponents (*The Little Drummer Girl,* Knopf, $15.95, 430 pp.). Perhaps, now as much as ever, we need to be cured of any presumption that the world of terrorism and that of those who enter it to stop the process can be treated in simple categories of good and bad.

Finally, Paul Davies, well-known for his writings on modern physics of space-time and cosmology, provides a challenge to those who live by the mythologies of science and religion (*God and the New Physics,* Simon & Schuster, $16.95, 255 pp.). He suggests that it is time for the general reader to understand what sort of universe the physicist has uncovered and to stop living with a cosmological vision that has no relation to the rest of our world. That vision is just as important as our imagination of the interpersonal and social world.

Carol Bly

CAROL BLY *is the author of* Letters from the Country *(Harper & Row). She teaches essay writing at Hamline University in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is on the advisory board of the Land Stewardship Project there.*

The Philosophy of Moral Development, by Lawrence Kohlberg, Harper & Row, paperback, $20.95, 480 pp.

Homemade Social Justice, by Michael True, Twenty-Third Publications, $5.95, 160 pp.

Towns and Villages in Canada: The Importance of Being Unimportant, by Gerald Hodge and Mohammed Qadeer, Butterworths, Toronto, paperback $19.95, 250 pp.

ALL three books are practical kit for the old horrible battle we wage: a few thousand idealists, with only wise books, protests, pilot projects, and demonstrations, must win social justice, somehow, for those without power. They must win that justice by pitting their kit against the critical mass of public opinion, the critical sloth of the species, and most of the world's money. The opinion, the sloth, and the money are the kit of self-serving corporations and self-serving state leadership.

At the moment we are rather especially aware of depravity in the leadership of both commerce and body politic, so we can be especially grateful for such thinkers as keep using brains and endurance for justice. The four authors here have a lot of ethical genius. Their democratic energy is refreshing: all of them believe that everyone has ethical taste, whether developed, stunted, or latent—and all the authors provide specific, workable regimens for developing consciousness of right and wrong.

All three books militate against the following outdated myths. I am going to list them because they are not, alas, dead dogs still being kicked: they have far too much currency among both social scientists and humanities people.

Myths That Preserve Social Injustice:

1. Doers and thinkers are two kinds of people; thinkers can't design delivery of social services, and social workers can't organize a passionate care for the *res publica*.

2. You can't change human nature!

3. The guidelines for research and the moral assumptions of one area of expertise must never be exercised in another area of expertise.

4. The central issue of civilization, fairness for all, can never be won. Practical people, therefore, spend their conscious hours winning little battles, which means technical, how-to-do-it battles, and are well advised to gain their satisfactions from such discrete triumphs.

Kohlberg's entire philosophy of moral education wars against those assumptions. For that reason it is a great shame that his book is regarded as being appropriate to "educators." It should be read by the literate American public at large. Every idea, every part of his six-stage development idea, is alive and applicable to all sorts of corners in life.

Homemade Social Justice offers a neat, unswerving public-morals code that would have got a grateful shout from Montesquieu. But moralists must do all three parts of the job—construct the code, delineate specific steps for enacting it, and finally, risk their own necks in the process. Michael True does all three. His book presents dozens of practical ways for parents and children to make *fairness to others* and to the planet a part of the family's vocabulary and repertoire of shared work.

I no sooner read Hodge's and Qadeer's *Towns and Villages in Canada* than I applied its basic notion—that the receiver of a service must keep his or her taste in proud balance with the influx

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from planners who usually live elsewhere—in my teaching of English composition. The author's data are fascinating, and not only to Canadian regional development people. I heard in this book the *cris de coeur* we heard in Ronald Blythe's *Akenfield*, this time from social planners who have both caring and skills in caring.

All three books assume, despite the differing areas of interest, that everyone, not just the lucky or blessed, wants to and can move out of mere moral *nature* (seeing what you want and taking it) towards moral *civilization*. (Moral civilization is making a mental image, forcibly, of not only my own but of *others'* wants and then consciously trying somehow to serve them all.) All the authors participate in the process, as well as the theorizing. They offer specific examples. They give us mental images of alternatives. Think how the boredom would fly from parish life if priests and ministers would join examples and practical steps to all their over-confident adjurations. What a privilege it is to read four authors who are skilled in methods, literate in their fields, but whose kit and literacy are servants to a spacious and life-giving morality.

Dennis O'Brien

DENNIS O'BRIEN *is president of Bucknell University and the author of* Hegel on Reason and History *(University of Chicago Press).*

In the last decade the number of history majors graduating from American universities has dropped by one half—from about 20,000 per year to 10,000. We may soon become a fully de-historicized culture governed not by time but by eternity. Certainly the "news" is only marginally historical—we prefer ageless tales of lust, lunacy, and villainy to the intricate separation of the truly new from the definitively past. Nor is it the TV trivia of culture that suggests chucking history; science claims timeless truth, high art plays with mystic structure and religion escapes upward from mere history. My Christmas gift suggestions are guidebooks to what really counts as a *new* year.

Science as practiced seems to have no history. Who reads about Priestley to understand modern chemistry? To science, history is a file of discards. Antidote: read any and all works available by the great French historian of science, Alexandre Koyré. *Galileo Studies* (Humanities, $46.25, 278 pp.) is his greatest work: an ideal gift for a dedicated metaphysical uncle. Cheaper is *Newtonian Studies* (University of Chicago, $7.50, 288 pp.) and more intellectually available is a marvelous overview of the development of classical mechanics, *From the Closed World to the Infinite Universe* (Johns Hopkins, $5.95, 313 pp.) Koyré does not try to revive outworn physics, but he illuminates brilliantly the basic theoretical choices bound up in every scientific change.

Art seemingly takes a different view of its history. Phidias is lovingly preserved where *philogiston* is forgotten. The problem for the art world is not that it is unaware of its history, but that it has only the vaguest ideas what to do with the past except hang it. A rare and fascinating exception is Michael Podro, *The Critical Historians of Art* (Yale, $30, 257 pp.). Podro attempts to find the point of past painting by examining a tradition of art historical writing from Hegel to Panofsky.

Religion, anyhow, is surely about the timeless and eternal—what need we of the history of ages in the light of once and for all revelation? I recommend in contrast Gerard S. Sloyan, *Jesus in Focus* (Twenty-Third Publications, $12.95, 212 pp.). Jesus is brought into *historical* focus not only against the Jewish tradition in terms of which he spoke and acted but also in terms of other traditions of the holy: Buddhism and Hinduism are touched upon and there is an entire chapter on Jesus in the Koran (Qu'ran). Sloyan's accomplishment in a brief, eminently readable book is exceptional.

Finally, if college history majors are a vanishing species, it may well be because educators seem so spectacularly uninterested in their own history. Fred Rudolph has remarked that general readers "have had greater access to the history of almost any skirmish of the Civil War than they have had to the history of education in the United States." *(The American College and University: A History)*. I highly commend Diane Ravitch *The Troubled Crusade: American Education 1945-1980*, (Basic Books, $19.95, 384 pp.). Ravitch's history of the actual past of most of us in education will only prove that mere memory is no substitute for historical scholarship.

Edith Turner

EDITH TURNER *has worked as co-editor of* Primavera *(a women's literary magazine), and collaborated with Victor Turner on* Pilgrimage in Christian Culture *(Columbia University Press).*

Lovers of Ursula LeGuin's stories will snatch up *The Compass Rose* with joy (Bantam Books, $3.50, 271 pp.). Some might make the mistake of losing patience with these tales for the mood at first seems somber. But the delicacy and tenderness of the medium will bear up those who persist, and give long-lasting pleasure. In one of these short stories, "The Diary of the Rose," the reader is transported into a totalitarian state, watching an innocent man who has been detained as a lunatic. The tale unfolds very gently. The hero's psychiatrist gradually comes to believe in his sanity. He has that Zen type of innocence, conscious, limpid, yet able to shield his mind from the mental probes used to "diagnose" him. Sadly, his new friend is unable to save him from the final brainwashing, effected by electric shock treatment. Yet this story gives delight. Another one, "Sun," is a triumph: a party of women in the early twenties of this century, acting in secret, are the first to discover the South Pole. They are afraid to publicize their achievement because all males, represented here by Shackleton, would suffer a terrible blow to their self-esteem. The recorder of the saga hides her manuscript in the attic trunk, to be found by her granddaughter after her death.

The Name of the Rose by Umberto Eco

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(Harcourt, Brace, and Jovanovich, $15.95, 502 pp.) might be called a detective novel set against a vast back canvas of the medieval world in the age of the Inquisition. But do not be deceived, the canvas is a filmy backdrop through which one can perceive the workings of great perennial questions, many of which vex us today. How sternly, even bloodily, ought truth to be upheld? What did Jesus Christ really stand for, his church's law and power, or charity towards his enemies; private property or communal Franciscan living? It is a thrilling story. An English Franciscan investigator, Brother William—a cunning man—arrives at a hilltop abbey where a mysterious death has occurred. As he proceeds to unravel the plot further murders accompany his work. Here bloody work and the establishment of truth walk hand in hand. We learn both the futility and the inevitability of violence under these circumstances, when the great old library of the abbey is burnt down in the last scene. Another message is heard—that only through laughter and the people's carnival spirit may we retain our oneness with Christ's humility and good fellowship.

Recently I re-read my favorite religious novel, crafted by a mystic who is also a superb down-to-earth storyteller, Patrick White's *Riders in the Chariot* (Penguin Modern Classics, $5.95, 492 pp.). (Somehow the mystical experience cannot be communicated in theological language, whereas the storyteller's art can become a "painting with words"—a running with them—until they flood over into the emotions, and then into that timeless, wordless world of bliss.) The allegedly mad Miss Hare, Ruth Godbold, a battered wife, Dubbo the Aborigine, an artist, and the despised Jew, Mordecai Himmelfarb, are joined together after many sufferings in one great scene of love. These four are the riders in the chariot, the chariot of the Merkobah mystics of the ancient world. Dubbo witnesses the scene in its visionary form. He paints the tremendous sight: the picture is stolen, and Dubbo dies of fever. But the moment existed. Each had come to experience the vehicle of bliss. "Sure enough the wheels began to plough the tranquil fields of white sky. She could feel the breath of horses on her cheeks. She was lifted up. . . ."

Eliot Janeway

ELIOT JANEWAY *is publisher of* The Janeway Letter *and author of several books, most recently,* Prescriptions for Prosperity *(Times Books).*

JOSEPH SCHUMPETER, posthumously recognized as the wisest of philosophers of the history of economic ideas, has given us our most practical definition of economics. He called it "historical sociology." Sir William Petty, the seventeenth century father of economics, originally defined it as "political arithmetick." The broad sweep of both classic definitions offers us a badly needed defense in depth against today's push, belatedly suspect in the marketplace, to reduce economic analysis to a high-speed version of historical algebra to be counted on print-outs of past performance guaranteeing continued relevance. Both definitions together suggest a reader's guide considerably broader than the single-issue sloganizing expected from writers on economics when they are not displaying charts.

If markets knew anything about politics, Peter Hannaford's *The Reagans. A Political Portrait* (Coward-McCann, $17.95, 317 pp.) would have emerged as a best seller, certainly in Wall Street. It is one of the most authoritatively documented and most prophetically disturbing books I have read in the last three years, let alone in the past year. Its meticulously detailed account of Reagan's campaign to win the Republican presidential nomination in 1980 provides an uncanny preview of his ongoing campaign to run the presidency as a staff operation, subject to incisive intervention by Nancy as Lady High Executioner when the staff failures back up into pressures on Ron.

Hannaford is a staunch Reagan loyalist of Sacramento vintage. Nancy's man on the staff, therefore its point man, Mike Deaver, was his partner. Reagan made his office with them during his interval

ALL FAITHFUL PEOPLE

Change and Continuity in Middletown's Religion

Theodore Caplow, Howard M. Bahr, and **Bruce Chadwick** with **Dwight W. Hoover, Laurence A. Martin, Joseph B. Tamney,** and **Margaret Holmes Williamson**

This book reports on the changes in religious life that have taken place in "Middletown" in the fifty years since this Midwestern community was first immortalized by the Lynds. The research team—assessing such factors as number of churches per capita, church attendance, and belief in an afterlife—conclude that religion seems to have become more, rather than less, important in Middletown since 1929. $19.50

BITTER, BITTER TEARS

Nineteenth-Century Diarists and Twentieth-Century Grief Theories

Paul C. Rosenblatt

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out of office and in the media; Hannaford ghosted his stuff. His PR commands a blue chip clientele. His book is the definitive, objective case history explaining why, as the proverbial English nanny moaned during exuberant birthday parties, "it will all end in tears" to the surprise of the markets. The achievement of Coward-McCann in allowing this invaluable description of the Reagan operation to sink without a trace is a triumph of ingenuity supported by perseverance.

Two first-class case-histories, indispensable together for an understanding of the interplay between the politics of social forces and the economics of political realism, were published in the past year. One is a definitive biography of Louis Brandeis; the other the first volume of the definitive biography of Felix Frankfurter. Mr. Justice Brandeis was the father of public interest law, of protective investor law, of public utility law, of antitrust law, of state government activism (only now catching up with federal government activism), and, more than incidentally, of Zionism. It was Brandeis who conceived and organized the invasion of the courts by the markets, as well as their subsequent counter-invasion by the courts. Lewis J. Paper's *Brandeis* (Prentice Hall, $18.95, 442 pp.), is encyclopedic, appropriately reverential, yet appropriately judicious.

Brandeis's way of dealing with presidents was to hold them at arm's length in order to force them closer to his goals. Mr. Justice Frankfurter worked his way up the political ladder as faithful emissary to Brandeis's apparatchiks in the government, on the bench, at the bar, and in the media. Once perched at the pinnacle, he went into business for himself, as hustling protégés often do. This one took over as the double agent brokering the feud between Brandeis and Roosevelt when his two heroes split over FDR's scheme to pack the Supreme Court. The only deficiency of Professor Michael E. Parrish's *Felix Frankfurter and His Times: The Reform Years* (Free Press/Macmillan, $17.94, 330 pp.) is the wait it enforces until its sequel covering the Court years is published. Serious students will ponder these two magnificent biographies together as the critical chapter in our modern history they account for.

In the past year, an academic intent on doubling in brass as a muckraker made headlines with an exposé of the stipend Justice Brandeis paid Professor Frankfurter. Both biographies piece the full story together. The Justice was so righteous that he let the record show that the petty cash went by check for history to see; the Professor was desperate for it to pay the psychiatric bills of his wife, who was disturbed by the backlash from her decision in the America of the inter-war period to marry a Jew. If Brandeis had played the game as Bernard Baruch (his ally of the Wilson years) played it with the media, he would have dealt in stock tips whispered and big money kept. That's the way Andre Meyer took care of himself and the ladies he savored. Cary Reich's hilarious account of the exploits of Andre Meyer, *Financier: A Story of Money, Power and the Reshaping of American Business* (Morrow: $15.95, 396 pp.), is an overnight sell-out in Wall Street. This reveals Wall Street's entire lack of a clue as to what's up — or going down. Meyer, who knew the score, never bought a stock except on inside information that the fix was in, and on the assurance that a complacent buyer was ready to take him out at a profit. He would have taken in the Reagan staff, and Brandeis would have taken him over the coals.

Denise Levertov

DENISE LEVERTOV, *poet and critic, is the author of numerous books of poetry and prose, including* Life in the Forest, The Poet in the World, To Stay Alive, *and* A Wanderer's Daysong.

SOME of the books that have come my way recently, while none attempts so comprehensive a disquisition as Schell's *The Fate of the Earth,* explore other aspects of the state of emergency in which we are living.

Joanna Rogers Macy, whose important pamphlet essay *Despairwork: Awakening to the Peril and Promise of Our Time* (New Society Publishers, 4772 Baltimore Av., Philadelphia, Pa. 19143, $2.45, 32 pp.), has been circulating widely by word-of-mouth contacts for a couple of years, has now brought out a larger book *Despair and Personal Power in the Nuclear Age* (New Society Publishers, $19.95, $8.95 paper, 200 pp.). It expounds the theories behind the workshops she has conducted all over the United States, and recently in Europe as well, and provides specific exercises for continuing the same kind of psychological work. While I have doubts about the efficacy (and possible danger) of such workshops should they be conducted by less experienced and gifted psychologists or laypersons than Joanna Macy herself, the questions and realizations raised by the described procedures are in themselves valuable to anyone willing to examine his or her own feelings of fear and despair, and to search for the "empowerment" that can ensue when the hard glaze of "psychic numbing" is cracked open. Her hope is that the book can be used either as a manual for group work or as a personal resource.

Dorothee Sölle, the German theologian, poet, and active worker for peace and justice, who spends part of each year in the United States teaching at New York's Union Theological Seminary, has two new books: *Of War and Love* (Orbis, $7.95, 192 pp.) and *The Arms Race Kills Even Without War* (Fortress, $6.95, 128 pp.). Both volumes — the latter all prose, the former of prose and poetry — emphasize the links between the arms race and other forms of oppression, notably poverty and racism. It is in the context of a Christian commitment to social justice that Sölle writes of the nuclear threat and of peacemaking. She struggles with the problem of remaining loyal to the principles of non-violent action while also being committed to solidarity with the poor and oppressed who have taken up arms to liberate themselves from intolerable conditions. She doesn't come up with a pat answer. "It may be that I can turn the other cheek," she writes, "but I cannot ask my sister in Argentina, whose son has been kidnapped and tortured to death, to do so." Sölle's poems reinforce her polemic, which even without them transcends the merely topical.

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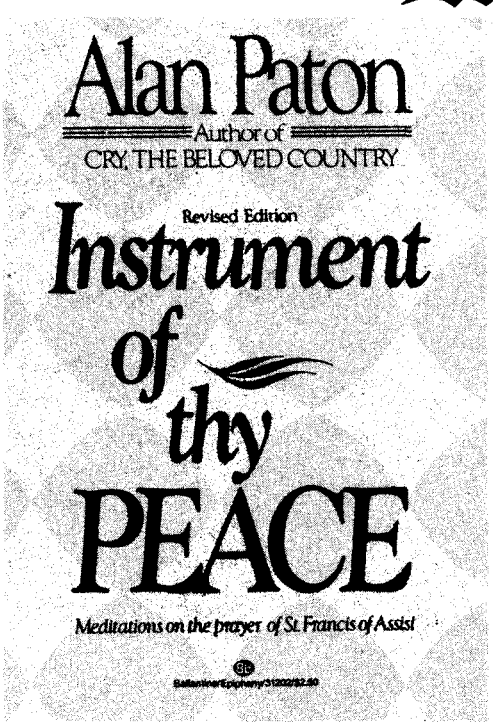
Martin Green's *Tolstoy and Gandhi, Men of Peace* (Basic, $23.50, 319 pp.), the concluding volume of his trilogy *The Lust for Power*, is a disturbing book. How could it fail to be, when its subjects were such disturbing individuals? I have myself done no more than skim it as yet, but I want to speak of it because anyone pondering the psychology of war and peace, of violence and non-violence, will need at some point to reflect upon these two men's theories and practices — and now, I think, to consider Green's thesis, stated in the introduction, which squarely confronts their asceticism:

> Tolstoy and Gandhi's faith was essentially anti-humanist. They saw humanism as the self-indulgent world view of the ruling classes of great empires. They did not want wealth for everyone. In fact they wanted poverty — not, of course, destitution — but material and spiritual poverty.

Personally I find most asceticism repulsive — my sympathies are strongly with Emma Goldman when she said, "If I can't *dance* at your revolution I don't want to come!" This book is going to make people like me, who believe the fruits of the earth and the properties of the five senses are to be enjoyed, not denied, try once again to think out more clearly how we can have our cake and eat it, *and* share it with everyone. It would be a valuable text for discussion groups to get their teeth into.

Last of this cluster is a remarkably stimulating collection of "grassroots responses to our most challenging question": *What Will It Take to Prevent Nuclear War?*, edited by Pat Farren (of A.F.S.C.) with an introduction by Howard Zinn (Schenkman Publishing, 1331 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02138, $15.25, $6.95 paper 239 pp.). Farren prepared a flyer inviting people to give brief personal responses to that question, and circulated it not only within the peace community but by handing it out on street corners, by publication in periodicals, and by mailing it to "selected individuals across the political spectrum." The results — nearly one-thousand statements by people of all ages (including some young children) mostly private citizens, with a sprinkling of famous names — are arranged under fourteen headings, among them "Fear of Facing It," "Facing Up to It," "Dilemmas of Technology," "Proposals and Suggestions," "Transforming Our Lives." The book concludes with suggestions for ways to use it as a group study guide. The range of statements does not exclude the despairing, the naively insouciant, the conventionally deterrent-esque, and at least one ("I call for the immediate nuking of Russia [to end] this suspense") so ponderously satiric that it almost crushes its intended black humor. But by far the greater number of responses contain ideas for action, whether on a spiritual plane or a material and pragmatic one. One would of course be foolish to expect THE answer from such a collection but

"Where There Is Hatred, Let Me Sow Love"



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what Pat Farren's collection does do is to reveal the unused pool of constructive and humane thinking and feeling that lies about us, and to confirm the sense that perhaps people are breaking out of their psychic numbing.

Jay P. Dolan

JAY P. DOLAN *teaches history at the University of Notre Dame and directs the Cushwa Center for the Study of American Catholicism. He is completing work on a social and cultural history of American Catholicism.*

ONE of the most enjoyable books I have read in a long time is *Brass Valley: The Story of Working People's Lives and Struggles In An American Industrial Region*, compiled and edited by Jeremy Brecher, Jerry Lombardi, and Jan Stackhouse (Temple University Press $29.95, 284 pp.). This is the history of the brass workers of the Naugatuck Valley in Western Connecticut from the early nineteenth century to the present day. What makes the book so appealing is the successful integration of oral history and photography into the larger story of the growth and decline of the brass industry. In this book the history of the working people comes alive as they themselves recount "the conditions they experienced at work and in their communities; the ways of life they created for themselves; and the problems they continue to face today." A well crafted book, it will no doubt serve as a model for other histories of the American working class.

Thomas J. Archdeacon has written a more traditional, but no less important study, *Becoming American: An Ethnic History* (The Free Press, $17.95, 297 pp.) In recent years numerous studies in immigration history have enriched our understanding of this phase of the American p[illegible]. Archdeacon incorporates these and other more traditional studies into a very readable history of immigration. Worth noting is that Archdeacon takes religion seriously and sees it as an instrumental force, along with enthnicity and race, in shaping our nation of immigrants.

The history of American Catholicism continues to inspire noteworthy studies. One of the most written-about phases of this history is Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement. *Breaking Bread: The Catholic Worker and the Origin of Catholic Radicalism in America* by Mel Piehl (Temple University Press $19.95, 296 pp.) is clearly one of the best books on the topic. By locating the movement in the context of American social, religious, and intellectual history Piehl offers a broader and more helpful analysis of Day and the Catholic Worker than most previous studies. Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago was considerably less appealing than Dorothy Day but his life and times offered Edward Kantowicz more than enough material to write *Corporation Sole: Cardinal Mundelein and Chicago Catholicism* (University of Notre Dame Press $19.95, 295 pp.) This book explores the fascinating period of early twentieth century American Catholicism and shows how authoritarian churchmen like Mundelein, the "Dutch Master," were in those days. A case study of episcopal leadership, *Corporation Sole* (the sixth volume in the series, Notre Dame Studies in American Catholicism) examines how Mundelein brought order, centralization, and business management to Chicago's archdiocese and how this helped to raise the self image of Chicago's Catholics.

A long awaited study is the book by Gerald P. Fogarty, *The Vatican and the American Hierarchy from 1870-1965* (Anton Hiersemann-Stuttgart, 220dm, or approx. $86, 438 pp.) Since it is outrageously priced, this important study will most likely receive less circulation than it deserves. Fogarty has arrived at some important conclusions in this study which touch on the very meaning of the American Catholic experience. One is the importance of the American tradition of religious liberty or the separation of church and state and how ardent Catholics were in defending this tradition against Old World Vatican bureaucrats. Another major theme was the Romanization of the hierarchy and ultimately the rest of the institution. Though this was happening throughout the Catholic world at the time, the effect was so strong in the United States that most American bishops became more Roman than the Romans themselves. The legacy of this Romanization continues to plague the church today as Vatican bureaucrats still try to equate *Auctoritas* (authority) with *Romanitas* (Romanization). The lesson of history is *Auctoritas*, si; *Romanitas*, no.

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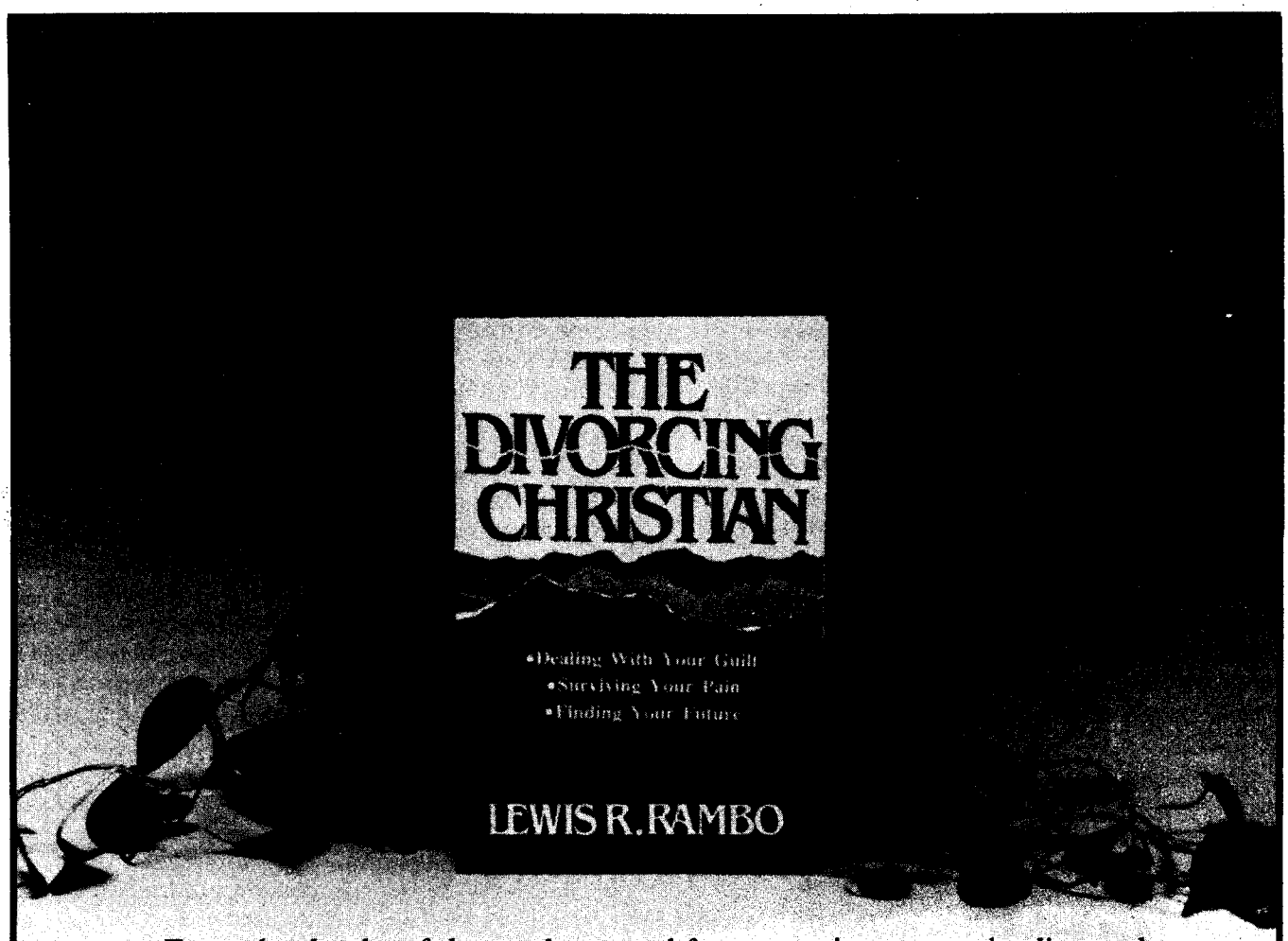

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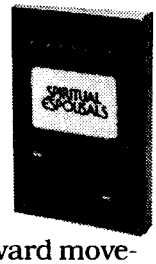

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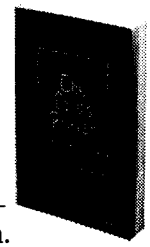

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